THE

BEAUTIES

OF

MODERN DRAMATISTS.

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THE BEAUTIES

MODERN DRAMATIST

Containing all the Intereſting

CHARACTERS, SENTIMENTS, SPEECHES, &c.

IN THE

MOST FAVOURITE DRAMAS

OF

OUR PRESENT AUTHORS.

CONNECTED AND DIGESTED UNDER APPROPRIATE HEADS, ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED;

BY WALLEY CHAMBERLAIN OULTON.

VOL. II.

"As to *Dramatic Genius*, Sir, the fact is this—to give a true *Picture of Life*, a Man ſhould enter into all its *Scenes*—ſhould follow *Nature*, Sir—— dive into the *World*——ſearch the *Heart of Man*."

REYNOLDS.

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INGRATITUDE.

LLEWELLYN. *(Solus)*

SO, one day more of freedom in deſpair!
I thought this heart was proof againſt my fate;
But it at length ſinks under the oppreſſion.
Yet, if I droop, it is not that the elements
Warp round my ſhivering body; nor that thou,
Soul-ſickening Famine, ſcowl'ſt upon my head;
Ingratitude! that harpy, plows my boſom,
And drives her talons to my ſecret ſoul!
O man, man, man, creation's pride and ſhame,
How ſhall we palliate thy treachery?
The brute, obeying inſtinct, loves his maſter,
And chance offending, humbles at his feet,
Willing to bleed for pardon:—but the friend,
The boſom-friend, that image of a god!
Drinks the life-blood there, revels in the ſtream,
And drops his traitor-poiſon in the ſpring.

Cambro Britons, A. 1. Sc. 3

SIR CHRISTOPHER CURRY AND INKLE.

Ink. Now for dispatch! Hark'ee, old gentleman!

Sir Ch. Well, young gentleman?

Ink. If I mistake not, I know your business here.

Sir Ch. 'Egad I believe half the island knows it, y this time.

Ink. Then to the point—I have a female, whom I vish to part with.

Sir Ch. Very likely; it's a common case, now-a-lays, with many a man.

Ink. If you could satisfy me, you would use her nildly, and treat her with more kindness than is sual—for I can tell you, she's of no common stamp —perhaps we might agree.

Sir Ch. Oho! a slave! Faith, now I think on't, my daughter may want an attendant or two extraordinary; and as you say she's a delicate girl, above the common run, and none of your thick-lip'd, flat nos'd, squabby, dumpling dowdies, I don't much care if—

Ink. And for her treatment—

Sir Ch. Look ye, young man; I love to be plain: I shall treat her a good deal better than you wou'd, I fancy; for, though I witness this custom every day, I can't help thinking, the only excuse for buying our fellow creatures, is to rescue 'em from the hands of tho e, who are unfeeling enough to bring them to market.

Ink. Fair words, old gentleman; an Englishman won't put up with an affront.

Sir Ch. An Englishman! More shame for you! Men who so fully feel the blessings of liberty, are doubly cruel in depriving the helpless of their freedom. * * * *

Ink. Let me assure you, Sir, 'tis not my occupation; but for a private reason—an instant pressing necessity—

Sir Ch. Well, well, I have a pressing necessity too; I can't stand to talk now; I expect company here, presently; but if you'll ask for me to-morrow, at the Castle——

Ink. The Castle!

Sir Ch. Aye, Sir, the Castle; the Governor's Castle; known all over Barbadoes.

Ink. 'Sdeath, this man must be on the Governor's establishment; his steward, perhaps, and sent after me, while Sir Christopher is impatiently waiting for me. I've gone too far; my secret may be known—As 'tis, I'll win this fellow to my interest. *(to him)* One word more, Sir; my business must be done immediately; and as you seem acquainted at the Castle if you should see me there—and there I mean to sleep to-night——

Sir Ch. The devil you do!

Ink. Your finger on your lips; and never breathe a syllable of this transaction.

Sir Ch. No! why not?

Ink. Because, for reasons, which perhaps you'l

know to-morrow, I might be injured with the Governor, whofe moft particular friend I am.

Sir Ch. So! here's a particular friend of min[e] coming to fleep at my houfe, that I never faw in m[y] life. I'll found this fellow. *(Afide.)* I fancy young gentleman, as you're fuch a bofom friend of the Governor's, you can hardly do any thing to alter your fituation with him?

Ink. Oh! pardon me: but you'll find that hereafter—befides, you doubtlefs know his character?

Sir Ch. Oh, as well as I do my own. But let's underftand one another. You may truft me, now you've gone fo far. You are acquainted with his character, no doubt, to a hair.

Ink. I am—I fee we fhall underftand each other. You know him too, I fee as well as I—A very touchy, tefty, hot, old fellow.

Sir Ch. Here's a fcoundrel! I hot and touchy! Zounds! I can hardly contain my paffion!—but I won't difcover myfelf. I'll fee the bottom of this—*(to him)* Well now, as we feem to have come to a tolerable explanation—Let's proceed to bufinefs—Bring me the woman.

Ink. No; there you muft excufe me. I rather would avoid feeing her more; and wifh it to be fettled without my feeming interference. My prefence might diftrefs her—You conceive me?

Sir Ch. Zounds! what an unfeeling rafcal!—The poor girl's in love with him, I fuppofe. No, no, fair and open. My dealing's with you, and you only: I fee her now, or I declare off.

Ink. Well then, you muſt be ſatisfied.

* * * * *

Enter YARICO, *who looks for ſome time in* INKLE'S *face, burſts into tears, and falls on his neck.*

Ink. In tears! nay Yarico! why this?

Yar. Oh do not—do not leave me!

Ink. Why, ſimple girl! I'm labouring for your good. My intereſt, here, is nothing: I can do nothing from myſelf, you are ignorant of our country's cuſtoms. I muſt give way to men more powerful, who will not have me with you. But ſee, my Yarico, ever anxious for your welfare, I've found a kind, good perſon, who will protect you.

Yar. Ah, why not you protect me?

Ink. I have no means—how can I?

Yar. Juſt as I ſheltered you. Take me to yonder mountain, where I ſee no ſmoke from tall, high houſes, fill'd with your cruel countrymen. None of your princes, there, will come to take me from you. And ſhould they ſtray that way, we'll find a lurking place, juſt like my own poor cave; where many a day I ſat beſide you, and bleſs'd the chance, that brought you to it.—that I might ſave your life.

Sir Ch. His life! Zounds! my blood boils at the ſcoundrel's ingratitude!

Yar. Come, come, let's go. I always feared theſe cities. Let's fly and ſeek the woods; and there we'll wander hand in hand together. No cares ſhall vex us then—we'll let the day glide by in idleneſs;

and you ſhall ſit in the ſhade, and watch the ſun beam playing on the brook, while I ſing the ſong that pleaſes you. No cares, love, but for food—and we'll live cheerily I warrant—In the freſh, early morning, you ſhall hunt down our game, and I will pick you berries—and then at night, I'll trim our bed of leaves, and lay me down in peace—Oh! we ſhall be ſo happy!——

Ink. Hear me, Yarico. My countrymen and yours differ as much in minds as in complexions. We were not born to live in woods and caves—to ſeek ſubſiſtance by purſuing beaſts—We chriſtians, girl, hunt money; a thing unknown to you—But, here, 'tis money which brings us eaſe, plenty, command, power, every thing: and of courſe happineſs. You are the bar to my attaining this: therefore 'tis neceſſary for my good—and which I think you value—

Yar. You know I do; ſo much, that it would break my heart to leave you.

Ink. But we muſt part: If you are ſeen with me, I ſhall loſe all.

Yar. I gave up all for you—my friends—my country: all that was dear to me: and ſtill grown dearer, ſince you ſhelter'd there—All, all was left for you—and were it now to do again—again I'd croſs the ſeas, and follow you, all the world over.

Ink. We idle time; Sir, ſhe is yours. See you obey this gentleman; 'twill be better for you. *(going)*

Yar. Oh, barbarous! *(holding him)* Do not, do not abandon me!

Ink. No more.

Yar. Stay but a little: I ſhan't live long to be a burden to you: Your cruelty has cut me to the heart. Protect me but a little—or I'll obey this man, and undergo all hardſhips for your good; ſtay but to witneſs 'em—I ſoon ſhall ſink with grief; tarry till then; and hear me bleſs your name when I am dying; and beg you, now and then, when I am gone, to heave a ſigh for your poor Yarico.

Ink. I dare not liſten. You, Sir, I hope, will take good care of her. *(going)*

Sir Ch. Care of her—that I will—I'll cheriſh her like my own daughter; and pour balm into the heart of a poor, innocent girl, that has been wounded by the artifices of a ſcoundrel.

Ink. Hah! 'Sdeath, Sir, how dare you——

Sir Ch. 'Sdeath, Sir, how dare you look an honeſt man in the face?

Ink. Sir, you ſhall feel——

Sir Ch. Feel!—It's more than ever you did, I believe. Mean, ſordid, wretch! dead to all ſenſe of honour, gratitude, or humanity—I never heard of ſuch barbarity; I have a ſon-in-law, who has been left in the ſame ſituation; but if I thought him capable of ſuch cruelty, dam'me if I wou'd not return him to ſea, with a peck loaf, in a cockle ſhell—Come, come, cheer up, my girl! You ſhan't want a friend to protect you, I warrant you. *(taking* Yarico *by the hand.)*

Ink. Infolence! the Governor ſhall hear of this inſult.

Sir Ch. The Governor! lyar! cheat! rogue! impoſtor! breaking all ties you ought to keep, and pretending to thoſe you have no right to. The Governor never had ſuch a fellow in the whole catalogue of his acquaintance—the Governor diſowns you—the Governor diſclaims you—the Governor abhors you; and to your utter confuſion, here ſtands the Governor to tell you ſo. Here ſtands Old Curry, who never talked to a rogue without telling him what he thought of him! *Inkle and Yarico*, A 3. Sc. 2.

HARRY DORNTON AND SILKY.

Silky. Ah! my dear Mr. Dornton, how do you do?—I hope you are very well! I am exceedingly glad to ſee you! This call is ſo kind, ſo condeſcending! It gives me infinite pleaſure!

Harry. Mr. Silky, you muſt inſtantly grant me a favor?

Silky. A favor! What is it? How can I ſerve you? I would run to the world's end.

Harry. You muſt exert your whole friendſhip!

Silky. Friendſhip, Sir? Say duty! 'twas you that made a man of me! I ſhould have been ruined, in the Bench, I know not where or what, had you not come forward and ſupported me at the critical moment! And now I can defy the world!

* * * * *

Harry. The requeſt is ſerious—trying!

Silky. So much the better! So much the better! Whom would I ſerve, if not you?—You! the ſon of the firſt man in the city!

Harry. *(Wildy)* You miſtake!

Silky. I don't! you are, you are! Dornton and Co! may challenge the world, the houſe of Hope, perhaps excepted!

Harry. Woefully miſtake!

Silky. Pooh!

Harry. Our houſe is in danger of ſtopping payment!

Silky. Sir?—Stop payment!

* * * * *

Harry. What means this alteration in your countenance?

Silky. Oh dear, no! Ha, ha, ha! Not in the leaſt! Ha, ha, ha, I aſſure you, I, I, I—

Harry. I have told you our ſituation. Yourſelf and two other friends muſt jointly ſupport my father, by your credit, to the amount of fifty thouſand pounds—Mark me!—muſt!

Silky. Fifty thouſand pounds, Mr. Dornton? Fifty thouſand pounds! Are you dreaming? Me? Fifty thouſand pounds! Me? Or half the ſum? Or a fifth of the ſum? Me!

* * * * *

Are you mad, Mr. Dornton? Are you mad? Or do you think me mad?

Harry. I think you the baſeſt of wretches!

Silky. Nay, Mr. Dornton, I would do any thing to ſerve you! Any thing, I proteſt to heaven! would go any where, run—

Harry. Of my errands, wipe my ſhoes! Any dirty menial office that coſt you nothing—And this you call ſhewing your gratitude?

Silky. Is it not, Mr. Dornton?

Harry. (His anger riſing) And will you give no help to the houſe?

Silky. Nay, Mr. Dornton—!

Harry. After the favours you have been for years receiving, the profeſſions you have been daily making, and the wealth you have by theſe means, been hourly acquiring! Will you not, Sir?

Silky. (Retreating) Nay, Mr. Dornton—!

Harry. Will you not, Sir?

Silky. Don't hurt a poor old man! I can't!

Harry. (Seizing, ſhaking him, and throwing him from him) Scoundrel! *Road to Ruin,* A. 3. Sc. 3.

INSENSIBILITY.

MORDENT AND LENNOX.

Mor. Advice! I too, fool that I am, knowing the impotence of man to avert miſchief, I wiſh for advice! I—*(Aſide.)* There may be danger in telling him?

Len. Well?

Mor. A—A friend of mine has a child; ſuppoſe it a—a natural child; that he knows not how properly to diſpoſe of.

Len. *(Ironical gravity.)* A natural child, that he knows not how properly to diſpoſe of?

Mor. Yes.

Len. Could not he ſell it to the kidnappers?

Mor. Pſhaw!

Len. There are honeſt overſeers that will take it, fifty pounds down!

Mor. Not an infant: twenty years of age.

Len. Oh! Then indeed! There are crimp ſerjeants!

Mor. When I put a ſerious queſtion, I expect a ſerious anſwer.

Len. *(Indignation.)* Serious! And aſk what a man is to do with his child!

Mor. Suppoſe he ſhould have legitimate offspring?

Len. *(Sneer.)* Oh, oh! Legitimate! Hah! Made of other metal? A different manufacture?

Mor. You won't hear! He provided for her.

Len. A female, too?

Mor. Would have continued to provide, but ſhe rejected his aſſiſtance.

Len. How ſo?

Mor. Unleſs he would ſee her, embrace her; that is, whine over, acknowledge her, and beſtow his bleſſing.

Len. And he refuſed?

Mor. Why not? Of what benefit are bleſſings?

Where all is evil, why torment confcience concerning the mode?

Len. He is a monfter!

Mor. But, fir, appearances—

Len. Damn appearances!

Mor. Friends—

Len. Damn his friends!

Mor. A wife—

Len. Damn his wife! He has friends, appearances, and a wife; but he has no heart!

Deferted Daughter, A. 2. Sc. 11.

INTEGRITY.

SUSAN TO MONROSE.

Look thee, brother Harry, if it be thy meaning that I fhould lend thee my little finger here toward the cheating of other people, thou'll be plaguily cheated thyfelf: fo take warning. No, Harry, I love thee too well to turn my hand to tricks that fhall bring thee to fhame. *Knave or Not*, A. 1. Sc. 1.

ROSTRUM *looking after* UNDERMINE.

This will never do for me. Oh! I forefee a diffolution of partnerfhip here—but he is a relation—what then—am I therefore to facrifice principle to duty—no—I remember our fchool adage was "*Ami-*

" *cus Plato sed majis amica veritas*;" which I thus interpret—Undermine is my uncle, but integrity is my father. *Secrets Worth Knowing*, A. 3. Sc. 4.

FARMER GAMMON, SIM, &c.

F. Gam. Here, Sim, kick open that garden gate.

Banks. What?

F. Gam. Does the lad hear?

Sim. Why, yes, yes.

F. Gam. Does the fool underſtand?

Sim. Dang it, I'm as yet but young; but if underſtanding teaches me how to wrong my neighbour, I hope I may never live to years of diſcretion.

F. Gam. What, you cur, do you diſobey your feyther? Burſt open the garden gate as I command you.

Sim. Feyther, he that made both you and the garden, commands me not to injure the unfortunate.

Wild Oats, A. 2. Sc. 1.

TRUDGE AND PLANTER.

Plant. Hark'ee, young man! Is that young Indian of your's going to our market?

Trudge. Not ſhe—ſhe never went to market in all her life.

Plant. I mean, is ſhe for our ſale of ſlaves? Our Black Fair?

Trudge. A Black fair! Ha! ha! ha! You hold it on a brown green, I ſuppoſe.

Plant. She's your ſlave, I take it?

Trudge. Yes; and I'm her humble ſervant, I take it.

Plant. Aye, aye, natural enough at ſea.—But at how much do you value her?

Trudge. Juſt as much as ſhe has ſaved me—My own life.

Plant. Pſhaw! you mean to ſell her?

Trudge. (*ſtaring.*) Zounds! what a devil of a fellow! Sell Wows!—my poor, dear, dingy wife!

Plant. Come, come, I've heard your ſtory from the ſhip.—Don't let's haggle; I'll bid as fair as any trader amongſt us: But no tricks upon travellers, young man, to raiſe your price.——Your wife, indeed! Why ſhe's no Chriſtian?

Trudge. No; but I am; ſo I ſhall do as I'd be done by, Maſter *Black-market*: and, if you were a good one yourſelf, you'd know, that fellow-feeling for a poor body, who wants your help, is the nobleſt mark of our religion.—I wou'dn't be articled clerk to ſuch a fellow for the world.

Plant. Hey-day! The booby's in love with her! Why, ſure, friend, you wou'd not live here with a Black?

Trudge. Plague on't; there it is. I ſhall be laugh'd out of my honeſty, here.—But you may be jogging, friend; I may feel a little queer, perhaps, at ſhowing her face—but, dam'me, if ever I do any thing to make me aſham'd of ſhowing my own.

Inkle and Yarico, A. 2. Sc. 1.

INTERVENTION.

OSMOND AND ANGELA. (PERCY *concealed in a ſuit of armour on a pedeſtal.*)

Oſm. Angela! I love you!

Ang. (*ſtarting.*) My Lord!

Oſm. (*paſſionately.*) Love you to madneſs!—My boſom is a gulph of devouring flames! I muſt quench them in your arms, or periſh! Nay, ſtrive not to eſcape: Remain, and hear me! I offer you my hand: If you accept it, miſtreſs of theſe fair and rich domains, your days ſhall glide away in happineſs and honour; but if you refuſe and ſcorn my offer, force ſhall this inſtant——

Ang. Force? Oh! No!—You dare not be ſo baſe!

Oſm. Reflect on your ſituation, Angela: You are in my power——Remember it, and be wiſe!

Ang. If you have a generous mind, that will be my ſureſt ſafeguard. Be it my plea, Oſmond, when thus I ſue to you for mercy, for protection! Look on me with pity, Oſmond! 'Tis the daughter of the man you loved; 'tis a creature, friendleſs, wretched, and forlorn, who kneels before you, who flies to you for refuge! True, I am in your power: Then ſave me, reſpect me, treat me not cruelly; for—I am in your power!

Oſm. I will hear no more. Will you accept my offer?

Ang. Osmond, I conjure you——

Osm. Answer my question!

Ang. Mercy! Mercy!

Osm. Will you be mine?—Speak! Speak!

Ang. (*after a moment's pause, rises, and pronounces with firmness.*) Never, so help me Heaven!

Osm. (*seizing her.*) Your fate then is decided! (Angela *shrieks.*)

Percy. (*in a hollow voice.*)—Hold!

Osm. (*starts, but still grasps* Angela's *arm.*)—Ha! What was that?

Ang. (*struggling to escape.*) Hark! Hark!—Heard you not a voice?

Osm. (*gazing upon* Percy.)—It came from hence!—From Reginald!—Was it not a delusion?—Did indeed his spirit——(*relapsing into his former passion.*) Well, be it so! Though his ghost should rush between us, thus would I clasp her——Horror! What sight is this?—(*At the moment that he again seizes* Angela, Percy *extends his truncheon with a menacing gesture, and descends from the pedestal.* Osmond *releases* Angela, *who immediately rushes from the chamber, while* Percy *advances a few steps, and remains gazing on the Earl steadfastly.*)—I know that shield!—that helmet!—Speak to me, dreadful vision!—Tax me with my crimes!—Tell me that you come——Stay! Speak!—(*following* Percy, *who, when he reaches the door, through which* Angela *escaped, turns, and signs to him with his hand.* Osmond *starts back in terror.*)—He forbids my following!—He leaves me!—The door closes—(*in a sudden*

burst of passion, and drawing his sword)—Hell, and fiends! I'll follow him, though lightnings blast me!

Castle Spectre, A. 2. Sc. 1.

JUDGMENT.

JOHN, BOWMAN, ARCHERS, &c.

John. Fix the bench of justice here, which is made of Yew, signifying the bitterness of judgment. We should have tried this wicked priest, and our treacherous companion, before day, but judicial proceedings ought never to be carried on in the dark.

Bow. Nor in twilight, John; therefore we English hate Star-chamber business. But it is now broad light, shall we proceed?

John. Yes: but first bring me in the robes and coif, we stripped from the learned Sergeant of the law, on his way to the Parvise. A judge might as well appear without his head, as without his robe; for professional wisdom consists much in looking grave. (*Puts on the robes.*) Great knowledge and *hocus pocus* lie deposited under this coif. Now I am equipt in the uniform of the courts, and qualified to hear and determine causes. (*Sits.*) Do I look wise?—

Bow. Aye, as wise as an owl at midnight—So wise, were you to appear in Westminster-hall, on a call of Serjeants, the judges might cry out—*I spy a brother.*

John. Now for the prisoners and witnesses.—Though to be sure I am acquainted with the whole case myself; but then being a judge, I must know nothing but what comes out in evidence.

Bow. Shall we impannel a jury?

John. A jury! Pish, no: where is the necessity; juries follow the direction of the court: yet we may as well have one for form's sake. Range yourselves, Archers, for the jury. (*The Archers range themselves in a row.*) Now bring in the Prosecu*tors* and the Prosecu*tees*. (Friar *and* Scarlet *brought in.*) Why are the prisoners bound? For shame, Bowmen! A man upon his trial should be perfectly at ease in his body, that he may have the free use of his mind. (*The prisoners are unbound.*) Now carry away the ropes: the sight of the halters may be offensive, or raise a fellow-feeling, and disturb some of the jury. Command silence.

Bow. Silence!

John. You, Father Tuck, and you, William Scarlet, stand charged with carrying on a correspondence with the Bishop of Hereford, and an intention to betray us, Lords and Yeomen of the Forest, into his hands.

Bow. How say you, William Scarlet; guilty or not guilty?

Scar. Not guilty.

John. Not guilty! Say so again, you damned dog, and you shall be hanged without further trial, as a notorious liar.—Will you challenge any of the jury?

Scar. You know, John, I'd fight the beſt of them.

John. Fight the beſt of you: he don't underſtand the term; but, gentlemen, it is legal practice that the priſoner ſhould be ignorant of the proceedings carried on againſt him. [*To the Archers.*

Scar. Will you liſten to reaſon?

John. Liſten to reaſon! No, ſirrah, not on the part of the priſoner: I ſit here as a judge of the law, not of reaſon; beſides, I have four reaſons for hanging you. Firſt, you muſt be hanged, becauſe I am not to ſit here for nothing: ſecondly, you muſt be hanged, becauſe you have nobody to ſtand up for you: thirdly, you muſt be hanged, becauſe you appear in *formâ pauperis*, without money; and, fourthly, you muſt be hanged, becauſe you have a damned hanging look. Gentlemen, I have finiſhed my charge.

Bow. Gentlemen of the jury, are you agreed? Is the priſoner guilty or not guilty?

Arch. Guilty.

Bow. Put him bye. Stand forward, Friar. Friar Tuck, are you guilty, or not guilty?

Friar. Guilty.

John. The firſt truth I believe you ever told.

Friar. May I ſpeak?

John. Not after conviction—Take him away.

Friar. One word ——

John. Stop his mouth—

Friar. I plead my clergy.

John. Plead your clergy!—The devil you do?—

Oh, ho!—Gentlemen of the jury, this is point of law, and muſt be left to Robin Hood. I ſhall only obſerve, that it is really a ſtrange doctrine, that men of the church and men of letters, ſhould commit with impunity crimes for which other men ſuffer without mercy. *Robin Hood,* A. 3. Sc. 2.

JUSTICE.

DUKE TO FULVIA.

The ſanctity of juſtice is the heart
Of him who judges; place makes no diſtinction.

Julia, A. 5. Sc. 3.

IDA TO HERMAN.

Juſtice ſhould not maſk her awful face.
O, if there be a land, where equal laws
And open judgment are the claims of all,
Where thoſe of our own rank pronounce upon us,
There true deciſion calls on puniſhment,
Temper'd in anger by enthroned Mercy.

Secret Tribunal, A. 2. Sc. 3.

WILFORD AND FITZHARDING.

Wilf. I pray you tell me, Sir, What is the charge?
Fitz. I do not know its purport.

I would not hear on't: for on my own voice refts
The iffue of this bufinefs;—and a judge
Should come unbiafs'd to his office. Wilford,
Were twenty brothers waiting my award,
You fhould have even, and impartial juftice.

Iron Cheft, A. 3. Sc. 3.

JUSTICE. (MODERN)

ALDOBRAND AND ROSA.

Rofa. Well, Signor Aldobrand, I perceive you improve on the poets, who reprefent Juftice as blind: you kindly remove the band from her eyes, that fhe may diftinguifh objects clearly.

Aldo. Modern Juftice is only blind to the faults of her friends.

Rofa. And what does fhe do with her fword?

Aldo. Referves that for their enemies.

Rofa. Ha! ha! ha!—Then her fcales only remain to be difpos'd of!

Aldo. Which are too ufeful to be parted with. They are for the receipt of fees; one fcale for the plaintiff, and the other for the defendant: of courfe, you know, that which is the beft fill'd makes the other kick the beam!—And fo much for juftice.

Strangers at Home, A. 2. Sc. 1.

JUSTICE AND MERCY.

LORD NORLAND AND EDWARD.

Edw. ——Oh! my Lord, his poor wife told the officers who took him, they had met with misfortunes, which she feared had caused a fever in her husband's head; and, indeed, they found him too ill to be removed; and so, she hoped, she said, "that as a man not in his perfect mind, you would be merciful to him."

Lord N. I will be just.

Edw. And that is being merciful, is it not, my Lord?

Lord N. Not always.

Edw. I thought it had been.—It is not *just* to be unmerciful, is it?

Lord N. Certainly not.

Edw. Then it must be *just*, to have mercy.

Lord N. You draw a false conclusion. Great as is the virtue of *mercy, justice* is greater still. *Justice* holds its place among those cardinal virtues which include all the lesser. *Every One has his Fault*, A. 4. Sc. 1.

KNIGHTHOOD.

CLEMENTINA AND ALLSPICE.

Clem. I declare and vow, pa, your vulgarity horrifies me. Suppose you were to go to court with an address, and be knighted, wou'd not your manners—

Allsp. Me knighted! Fiddleſtick's end. When ſuch chaps as I go to get dubb'd, if, inſtead of a ſword, his majeſty wou'd but order one of his beef-eaters, to lay a ſtick acroſs our ſhoulders, it wou'd be a hundred per cent the better.

Way to Get Married, A. 2. Sc. 2.

KNOWLEDGE.

LADY ESTHER AND DORVILLE.

Lady Eſt. Have you no knowledge of the world?

Mr. Dorville. I have a knowledge of the human heart, which tells me, that, as I have liſtened to the ſtory of their neceſſities, they will not forget me in mine. *Secret*, A. 4. Sc. 8.

KNOWLEDGE. (SELF)

UNDERMINE AND APRIL.

Und. How the devil have you contrived to keep ſo ruddy a face?

April. By keeping clean hands, friend Undermine.

Und. And how do you manage to keep your body upright?

April. By keeping my heart in the ſame attitude; for I ſoon found out that the weight of every ill-gotten guinea is laid on a man's ſhoulders for life—

bends him down—there is no getting rid of the load. (Undermine *tries to hold up his head but fails*) So I prefer'd a long life to a long annuity, and a light heart to heavy purse, eh, master Undermine.

Secrets Worth Knowing, A. 1. Sc. 2.

KNOWLEDGE. (SUPERFICIAL)

WHIMMY AND MRS. MAGGS.

Whim. Mrs Maggs, you must—

Mrs. Maggs. Well, sir, I know that very well.

Whim. What, before I tell you! a gentleman sups with me to-night.

Mrs. Maggs. Well, sir, I know a gentleman sups with you.

Whim. Ay! you know now I tell you! and I'll have—

Mrs. Maggs. Well, sir, I know what you'd have.

Whim. Before I tell you! I must be sure have a brill, and variety of other fish.

Mrs. Maggs. Well, I know you must have a brill, and variety of other fish.

Whim. Certainly you know when I tell you. Besides all other wines, as my friend is a London soaker, have some of my oldest port, some bottled porter, and a pipe.

Mrs. Maggs. Well, I know you must have bottled porter and pipe of port.

Whim. Now you know nothing at all about it—go along. *London Hermit*, A. 2. Sc. 2.

KNOWLEDGE OF THE WORLD.

MONROSE TO SUSAN.

I have travelled, know the world, and mean to profit by my knowledge. Fools and knaves are the two grand claſſes: for the honeſt men are too inſignificant, and too few, to form a claſs. Poverty and diſgrace are got by keeping them company: and he that would thrive muſt ſhun them, as he would the plague. *Knave or Not*, A. 1. Sc. 1.

LAW.

OAKWORTH AND GENTLEMAN.

Gent. But can't this villainy be in any way redreſſed?

Oakw. Only one way, if at all; and the remedy would be as the diſeaſe.

Gent. What is the remedy?

Oakw. Going to law.

Gent. If law can give the remedy, redreſs is certain; in this country the way to juſtice is not through blind mazes and crooked paths—No, 'tis a public road, open to all, obvious to all.

Oakw. That is very true; but like other public roads, you will get on a very little way, without money to pay the tolls.

Votary of Wealth, A. 5. Sc. 2.

LENITY.

WIRTEMBERG TO THE JUDGES.

——— Lenity
Becomes the Judge, but him eſpecially,
Who aims to emulate the Judge of all.

Secret Tribunal, A. 5. Sc. 1.

LIFE (FASHIONABLE.)

SIR GEORGE, LADY FRANCES, MRS. RACKET, AND MISS OGLE.

Lady Fran. My love! Mrs. Racket, and the Miſs Ogles.

Mrs. Rack. Give you joy Sir George.—We came to rob you of Lady Frances for a few hours.

Sir Geo. A few hours!

Lady Fran. Oh, yes! I am going to an Exhibition, and an Auction, and the Park, and Kenſington, and a thouſand places!—It is quite ridiculous, I find, for married people to be always together—we ſhall be laughed at!

Sir Geo. I am aſtoniſhed!—Mrs. Racket, what does the dear creature mean?

Mrs. Rack. Mean, Sir George!—what ſhe ſays, I imagine.

Miſs Ogle. Why, you know, Sir, as Lady Frances had the misfortune to be bred entirely in the country, ſhe cannot be ſuppoſed to be verſed in Faſhionable Life.

Sir Geo. No; heaven forbid ſhe ſhould!—If ſhe had, Madam, ſhe would never have been my wife!

Mrs. Rack. Are you ſerious?

Sir Geo. Perfectly ſo.—I ſhould never have had the courage to have married a well-bred Fine Lady.

Miſs Ogle. Pray, Sir, what do you take a Fine Lady to be, that you expreſs ſuch fear of her? *(ſneeringly.)*

Sir Geo. A being eaſily deſcribed, Madam, as ſhe is ſeen every where, but in her own houſe. She ſleeps at home, but ſhe lives all over the town. In her mind, every ſentiment gives place to the Luſt of Conqueſt and the vanity of being particular. The feelings of Wife and Mother, are loſt in the whirl of diſſipation. If ſhe continues virtuous, 'tis by chance—and if ſhe preſerves her huſband from ruin, 'tis by her dexterity at the Card-Table!—Such a Woman I take to be a perfect Fine Lady!

Mrs. Rack. And you I take to be a ſlanderous Cynic of two-and-thirty.—Twenty years hence, one might have forgiven ſuch a libel!—Now, Sir, hear my definition of a Fine Lady:—She is a creature for whom

Nature has done much, and Education more; ſhe has Taſte, Elegance, Spirit, Underſtanding. In her manner ſhe is free, in her morals nice. Her behaviour is undiſtinguiſhingly polite to her Huſband, and all mankind;—her ſentiments are for their hours of retirement. In a word, a Fine Lady is the life of converſation, the ſpirit of ſociety, the joy of the public!—Pleaſure follows wherever ſhe appears, and the kindeſt wiſhes attend her ſlumbers.—Make haſte, then, my dear Lady Frances, commence Fine Lady, and force your huſband to acknowledge the juſtneſs of my picture!

Lady Fran. I am ſure 'tis a delightful one. How can you diſlike it, Sir George? You painted Faſhionable Life in colours ſo diſguſting, that I thought I hated it; but on a nearer view, it ſeems charming. I have hitherto lived in obſcurity; 'tis time that I ſhould be a Woman of the World. I long to begin;—my heart pants with expectation and delight!

* * * *

Sir Geo. —— Go, Madam, give yourſelf to the public; abandon your heart to diſſipation, and ſee if, in the ſcenes of gaity and folly that await you, you can find a recompence for the loſt affection of a doating Huſband.

* * * *

SIR GEORGE AND LADY FRANCES TOUCHWOOD.

Sir Geo. The ſweet ſorrow that glitters in theſe eyes, I cannot bear *(embracing her)*. Look chearfully, you Rogue.

Lady Fran. I cannot look otherwise, if you are pleased with me.

Sir Geo. Well, Fanny, to-day you made your *entrée* in the Fashionable World; tell me honestly the impressions you receiv'd.

Lady Fran. Indeed, Sir George, I was so hurried from place to place, that I had not time to find out what my impressions were.

Sir Geo. That's the very spirit of the life you have chosen.

Lady Fran. Every body about me seem'd happy—but every body seem'd in a hurry to be happy somewhere else.

Sir Geo. And you like this?

Lady Fran. One must like what the rest of the World likes.

Sir Geo. Pernicious maxim!

Lady Fran. But, my dear Sir George, you have not promis'd to go with me to the masquerade.

Sir Geo. 'Twould be a shocking indecorum to be seen together, you know.

Lady Fran. Oh, no; I ask'd Mrs. Racket, and she told me we might be seen together at the Masquerade—without being laugh'd at.

Sir Geo. Really?

Lady Fran. Indeed, to tell you the truth, I could wish it was the fashion for married people to be inseparable; for I have more heartfelt satisfaction in fifteen minutes with you at my side, than fifteen days amusement could give me without you.

Sir Geo. My ſweet Creature! How that confeſſion charms me!—Let us begin the Faſhion.

Lady Fran. O, impoſſible! We ſhould not gain a ſingle proſelyte; and you can't conceive what ſpiteful things would be ſaid of us.—At Kenſington to-day a Lady met us, whom we ſaw at Court, when we were preſented; ſhe lifted up her hands in amazement!—Bleſs me! ſaid ſhe to her companion, here's Lady Frances without Sir Hurlo Thrumbo!—My dear Mrs. Racket, conſider what an important charge you have! for Heaven's ſake take her home again, or ſome Enchanter on a flying Dragon will deſcend and carry her off.—Oh, ſaid another, I dare ſay Lady Frances has a clue at her heel, like the peerleſs Roſamond:—her tender ſwain would never have truſted her ſo far without ſuch a precaution.

Sir Geo. Heav'n and Earth!—How ſhall Innocence preſerve its luſtre amidſt manners ſo corrupt! My dear Fanny, I feel a ſentiment for thee at this moment, tenderer than Love—more animated than Paſſion——I could weep over that purity, expos'd to the ſullying breath of Faſhion, and the *Ton*, in whoſe latitudinary vortex Chaſtity herſelf can ſcarcely move unſupported.

Belle's Stratagem, A. 2. Sc. 1. *and* A. 3. Sc. 4.

LITERATURE.

SIR BAMBER TO LADY DANVERS.

Do you know, Juliana, I've a great mind to give up literature, and learn to caper: I have for this reaſon—now-a-days, the worſt dancer makes more by his heels, than the beſt author does by his head!

Fortune's Fool, A. 3. Sc. 2.

LONDON.

CLARA TO MRS. DARNLEY.

London! ay: I hate it—I once paſſed a month there, but they hurried me ſo from ſight to ſight, that in the buſtle all places appear'd alike—I ſaw no difference—And, if you'll believe me, one morning, after ſeeing Weſtminſter Hall in term time, they took me inſide Bedlam; and ſo confus'd was I, that I didn't know the lawyers and their clients, from the keepers and their patients. *Rage*, A. 1. Sc. 1.

LOQUACITY.

SIR MILES MOWBRAY AND MR. WRANGLE.

Sir Miles. What's the matter now? why do you round me with a circumbendibus in this manner, when I ſo often deſire you to ſpeak plainly, and to the point at once?

Mr. W. Well, Sir, then to the point at once.

Sir Miles. To be ſure, that's the way to be underſtood, ſon Wrangle; whereas to be verboſe and circumſtantial, is to be tedious; and when a man is tedious, you know, 'tis ten to one if his hearers are not tir'd with his preamble, before he lets them into the body of his bill.

Mr. W. At the preſent moment I conceive that fault does not lie with me.

Sir Miles. I don't ſay it does, I don't ſay it does; yet a fault it is, lie where it will, and every man has his faults, which it is the part of a friend to tell him of, it is the part of a father—You yourſelf are not without faults, ſon Wrangle. *Firſt Love*, A. 3. Sc. 2.

LOVE.

DUKE AND AMANTHIS.

Aman. Love, love——Aye, that's the word the Count continually repeats—and it is the name of his diſorder?

Duke. Yes.

Aman. And of the Marquis's too?

Duke. Yes.

Aman. And from whence does it proceed?

Duke. From you.

Aman. From me?—impoſſible—I am very well.

Duke. Are you ignorant, or do you only pretend to be ſo?

Aman. I am, indeed, ignorant of what you mean.

Duke. Then I'll inſtruct you—Shame of the Marquis to teach you moſt of the arts, and yet leave it to his old uncle to teach you the art of love.

Aman. Well, what is it? I am impatient to know.

Duke. And it is ſo long ago ſince I felt it, I muſt recollect a little before I can tell you.—Amongſt the paſſions, is one more troubleſome than all the reſt, and yet more pleaſing than any of them.—It ſometimes burns you with heat, and ſometimes freezes you with cold—and creates in your mind a conſtant deſire to be with one particular perſon—and when you *are* with them, you generally look like a fool.—You think them handſome, though they are frightfully ugly—you think them well ſhaped, though they are crooked—wiſe, though they are ſimpletons—and you hope they love you, though you are *ſure* they do *not*.

Aman. You need not ſay any more, Sir,—I think I have had the diſorder. [*Looking confuſed.*

Duke. You have it now.

Aman. Yes, 'tis catching—and, I ſuppoſe, I caught it of the Count, and gave it to the Marquis—and ſo we all three have it.

Duke. And it is you only who can cure them.

Aman. How?

Duke. By marrying one of them.

Aman. Is that the way?

Duke. And, now, which of them will you heal?

Aman. Oh! the Marquis! [*With warmth.*

Child of Nature, A. 4. Sc. 1.

MENTEVOLE AND MARCELLUS

Mentev. ——— Take my counſel,
Devote thy ſoul to any thing but love;
Steep thy drench'd ſenſes in the mad'ning bowl;
Heap gold, and hug the mammon for itſelf;
Set provinces on dice; o'er the pale lamp
Of ſickly ſcience waſte thy vigorous youth;
Ruſh to the war, or cheer the deep-tongu'd hound;
Be thou the proverb'd ſlave of each, or all;
They ſhall not be ſo noxious to thy ſoul,
As dainty woman's love.

Marcel. ——— If this be counſel,
It comes with ſuch a harſh and boiſterous breath,
I more diſcern the freedom, than the friendſhip.

Mentev. Falſly our poets deck the barbarous god
With roſeat hue, with infant's dimpling ſmiles,
With wanton curls, and wings of downy gold:——
He dips his darts in poiſonous aconite;
The fiery venom rankles in our veins,
Infuſes rage, and murderous cruelty.

Marcel. The rich juice, pour'd in a tainted jar,
Turns to a nauſeous and unwholeſome draught,
But we condemn the veſſel, not the wine;
So gentle love, lodg'd in a ſavage breaſt,
May change his nature to a tyger's fierceneſs.

Julia, A. 2. Sc. 8.

DROOPLY AND GANCICA.

Dro. So the lady loves me, does ſhe?

Gan. Yes.

Dro. You'll find it hard to make me believe that.

Gan. And you find it much more great deal harder make me believe ſhe not love you.

Dro. Indeed!

Gan. Yes; ſhe not make me believe herſelf if ſhe ſay ſhe not love you.

Dro. No?

Gan. No;—becauſe dey tell me dat always tell true.

Dro. They? Who are they?

Gan. Deſe——(*pointing to her eyes*). Truth not always come from here (*the mouth*), always from here. (*her eyes*)

Dro. Hey!

Gan. You tink, becauſe I ſtranger, I not underſtand. Oh, language of love is de ſame in my country, your country, all country.

Votary of Wealth, A. 3. Sc. 1.

LOVE (DISAPPOINTED.)

PENRUDDOCK AND MRS. WOODVILLE.

Mrs. W. Let me retire; I cannot bear to hurt you.

Penrud. Pray do not leave me: Did you know what ſtruggles I have ſurmounted, you wou'd ſay I

perform wonders.—I cou'd not write to you, judge what it is to ſee you.

Mrs. W. I thought that theſe emotions had ſubſided, and that ſolitude and ſtudy had made you a philoſopher.

Penrud. You ſee what a philoſopher I am. You never knew me rightly; I had a heart for friendſhip and love; I was betrayed by one, and ruined in the other.

Mrs. W. You have been deeply injur'd, I muſt own: I too have been to blame, but I was young and credulous, and caught with glittering ſnares.

Penrud. Aye, ſnares they have been; fatal ones, alas!

Mrs. W. I have liv'd in diſſipation, you in calm retirement: how peacefully your hours have paſs'd, how unquietly mine! One only ſolace cheer'd my ſad heart—my Henry, my ſon.

Penrud. I've ſeen him; I've convers'd with him: he ſpoke unguardedly, but diſappointment ſours the mind; he treated me unjuſtly—but he reſembles you, and I forgave him.

Mrs. W. When you ſay that, you ſpeak what I was, not what I am.

Penrud. You are much chang'd, much faded; but I have your picture freſh and fair as the firſt bloom of youth.

Mrs. W. My picture? how did you poſſeſs yourſelf of that?

Penrud. By a moſt foul and infamous piece of

knavery; a treacherous friend defrauded me of the substance, and left me nothing but the shadow to contemplate: but memory was faithful; it has cheer'd me in my solitude.

Wheel of Fortune, A. 5. Sc. 1.

LOVE (MUTUAL.)

MARQUIS AND AMANTHIS.

Marq. You know, Amanthis, I was a father to you in an age when your understanding could not even thank me for my cares—and since that time I have consecrated to you my whole life—yet, in your education, there have been many things of which I have kept you in utter ignorance—my motives in in this, were pure, and I am now desirous to give you my reasons for them.——You are first to learn, there is a sentiment which governs the human heart with more tyranny, more force, more outrage, and yet with more softness, than any other—it is called —love—and why its name and nature I have thus long concealed from you, was from the apprehension that in the solitude where you lived, the sensibility of your heart might cause dangerous illusions:—I feared you might take the tender, calm ties of friendship, for love's superior passion; and seeing none but me, I should consequently become the object of your error—but, too delicate to seduce you, I have undone myself. I have just now been in-

formed of all that has paſſed this day ſince you left your confinement, and of which I imagine you thought me unacquainted, and came now to inform me: reply without it.—For theſe four years I have concealed a paſſion for you of the tendereſt, trueſt, kind—but your heart decides for another, and I relinquiſh my pretenſions.—Yet do not imagine I approve your choice—Count Valantia is unworthy of you—but you are your own miſtreſs—and however you determine, you ſhall poſſeſs my fortune, and be my daughter ſtill.

Aman. The exceſs of my aſtoniſhment has alone prevented me from interrupting you many times.—You accuſe me in every ſentence—every word you have uttered upbraids—and your generoſity, above all, degrades me.—Did you imagine I could accept your favours while I was wounding your peace of mind?—Did you ſuppoſe I could prefer to you a ſtranger, who, if not unworthy, I could not know to be deſerving?—and yet this is what you have expected from me.—Learn, my Lord, to be leſs ſuſpicious—affect leſs generoſity and moderation, and be leſs ungrateful and unjuſt.

Marq. Severe as your words are, they inſpire a hope my heart had baniſhed——explain yourſelf——deign——

Aman. No—you have too cruelly given me offence—you have made me bluſh at thoſe favours I have received, and ſtill more at thoſe you offer.—

What have I done to make you think thus basely of me? [*In tears.*

Marq. Behold me at your feet to atone for all I have said—explain.

Aman. "Explain!"—even now he doubts me.

Marq. No—say but you love me with that passion I have described, and I will never doubt again.

Aman. Ah! can I behold you at my feet? *you* to whom I ought to kneel as my father?—but whom I would rather thus tenderly embrace, as a lover.

Marq. [*Rising.*]—-Oh! rapture!—--have I heard those lips disclose a passion so sacred, and so dear, that my fond heart has for years concealed, yet cherished.

Aman. Yes, that passion, though unknown for what it was, has been the joy, the happiness of my life—it reconciled me to my solitude, and now could make the hardest lot with you a blessing.

Child of Nature, A. 4. Sc. 1.

LOVE (ROMANTIC.)

LYDIA TO JULIA.

Why, is it not provoking? when I thought we were coming to the prettiest distress imaginable, to find myself made a mere Smithfield bargain of at last. —There, had I projected one of the most sentimental elopements!—so becoming a disguise!—so amiable a ladder of ropes!—Conscious Moon—four horses—

Scotch parſon—with ſuch ſurpriſe to Mrs. Malaprop—and ſuch paragraphs in the Newſpapers!—Oh, I ſhall die with diſappointment!

* * * *

Now ſad reverſe!—what have I to expect, but, after a deal of flimſy preparations with a biſhop's licence, and my Aunt's bleſſing, to go ſimpering up to the altar; or perhaps be cryed three times in a country church, and have an unmannerly fat clerk aſk the conſent of every butcher in the pariſh to join John Abſolute and Lydia Languiſh, Spinſter! Oh, that I ſhould live to hear myſelf called Spinſter!

* * * *

How mortifying to remember the dear delicious ſhifts I uſed to be put to, to gain half a minute's converſation with this fellow!—How often have I ſtole forth, in the coldeſt night in January, and found him in the garden, ſtuck like a dripping ſtatue!—There would he kneel to me in the ſnow, and ſneeze and cough ſo pathetically! he ſhivering with cold, and I with apprehenſion! and while the freezing blaſt numb'd our joints, how warmly would he preſs me to pity his flame, and glow with mutual ardour!—Ah, Julia, that was ſomething like being in love.

Rivals, A. 5. Sc. 1.

LOVE. (THE ELOQUENCE OF)

HELEN TO BLANCH.

Love has a fleeter meſſenger than ſpeech,
To tell love's meaning. His expreſſes poſt
Upon the orbs of viſion, ere the tongue
Can ſhape them into words. A lover's look
Is his heart's Mercury. O! the Eye's Eloquence,
Twin-born with thought, outſtrips the tardy voice,
Far ſwifter than the nimble lightning's flaſh
The ſluggiſh thunder-peal that follows it.

Iron Cheſt, A. 2. Sc. 3.

LOVE. (THE RESENTMENT OF)

FAULKLAND AND JULIA.

Julia. Has no ſuch diſaſter happened as you related?

Faulk. I am aſhamed to own that it was pretended; yet in pity, Julia, do not kill me with reſenting a fault which never can be repeated: but, ſealing, this once, my pardon, let me to-morrow, in the face of Heaven, receive my future guide and monitreſs, and expiate my paſt folly, by years of tender adoration.

Julia. Hold, Faulkland!—that you are free from a crime, which I before fear'd to name, Heaven

knows how fincerely I rejoice!—Thefe are tears of thankfulnefs for that! But that your cruel doubts fhould have urged you to an impofition that has wrung my heart, gives me now a pang, more keen than I can exprefs!

Faulk. By Heav'ns! Julia———

Julia. Yet hear me.———My Father lov'd you, Faulkland! and you preferv'd the life that tender parent gave me; in his prefence I pledged my hand—joyfully pledged it—where before I had given my heart. When, foon after, I loft that parent, it feem'd to me that Providence had, in Faulkland, fhewn me whither to transfer, without a paufe, my grateful duty, as well as my affection: hence I have been content to bear from you what pride and delicacy would have forbid me from another.—I will not upbraid you, by repeating how you have trifled with my fincerity.———

Faulk. I confefs it all! yet hear———

Julia. After fuch a year of trial—I might have flattered myfelf that I fhould not have been infulted with a new probation of my fincerity, as cruel as unneceffary! I now fee it is not in your nature to be content, or confident in love. With this conviction—I never will be yours. While I had hopes that my perfevering attention, and unreproaching kindnefs, might in time reform your temper, I fhould have been happy to have gain'd a dearer influence over you; but I will not furnifh you with a licenfed

power to keep alive an incorrigible fault, at the expence of one who never would contend with you.

Faulk. Nay, but, Julia, by my foul and honour, if after this———

Julia. But one word more.—As my faith has once been given to you, I never will barter it with another. I fhall pray for your happinefs with the trueft fincerity; and the deareft bleffing I can afk of Heaven to fend you, will be to charm you from that unhappy temper, which alone has prevented the performance of our folemn engagement.—All I requeft of *you* is, that you will yourfelf reflect upon this infirmity, and when you number up the many true delights it has deprived you of—let it not be your *leaft* regret, that it loft you the love of one—who would have follow'd you in beggary through the world!

Rivals, A. 5. Sc. 1.

WINGROVE AND MISS HERBERT.

Mr. Wingrove. Let me conjure you, my dear lovely tyrant, not to play with my anxiety—fufpend a while the triumphs of your farcafm, you cannot mifunderftand the agitations of my heart at this moment—you know the caufe of them—If you have given my fifter an afylum——

Mifs Herbert. Then, fir, with equal folemnity, I defire you to believe, that if I have given your fifter the fhelter you imagine, I fhall not withdraw it to gratify the prejudices of any of her relations; be-

ſides, ſir, were your ſiſter aſſured ſhe ſhould be ſecure from the odious danger that threatens her from a man ſhe deteſts, ſhe would I am convinced be happy to throw herſelf at her father's feet, and on that condition———

Mr. Wingrove. It is a condition, however, that will not be granted her, madam. What, when our honour, when the dignity of our houſe are committed—ſhall all be ſacrificed to the frivolous partiality of a diſobedient girl.

Miſs Herbert. Give me leave, ſir, to tell you, that you ſeem to me to miſtake this honour for which you declaim ſo warmly; honour holds no ſociety with injuſtice.

Mr. Wingrove. Injuſtice! madam!

Miſs Herbert. Yes, ſir, there can be no injuſtice equal to that of compelling a woman to ſo ſacred a connection as a married union againſt the known and ſettled preference of her heart. It is beſides, ſir, acting a very ungenerous part towards Lord Dartford himſelf.

Mr. Wingrove. Not at all, madam; Lord Dartford knows of her averſion, and has ſpirit enough to diſregard it.

Miſs Herbert. Does he, ſir; then indeed there can be no doubt, with all due deference to his ſpirit, but he merits it—But in the mean time Mr. Wingrove, permit me to embrace the very earlieſt opportunity of expreſſing my gratitude for this new philoſophy you have been kind enough to teach us.

You are the first lover I believe that ever told his mistress to her face, that a union of the affections was a superfluous ingredient in the composition of matrimony—You made the discovery, sir.—You will leave it to me to make the proper use of it.

Mr. Wingrove. Nay, madam, if you are determined to make no other use of what I say, but to pervert it into ridicule or injury, I know nothing that's left me, but to use the only privilege which I think you will not deny me, that of making a speedy departure. I have long despaired of exciting any sympathy in you towards myself, yet the distresses of an afflicted brother, I had fondly believed, would have inclined you to forbearance at least, if they had failed to produce any more active effect upon your humanity. *Fugitive*, A. 2. Sc. 4.

LOVE. (THE TEST OF)

FAULKLAND AND JULIA.

Julia. What means this?—why this caution, Faulkland?

Faulk. Alas! Julia, I am come to take a long farewel.

Julia. Heavens! what do you mean?

Faulk. You see before you a wretch, whose life is forfeited.—Nay, start not!—the infirmity of my temper has drawn all this misery upon me.—I left you

fretful and paſſionate—an untoward accident drew me into a quarrel—the event is, that I muſt fly this kingdom inſtantly.—O Julia, had I been ſo fortunate as to have call'd you mine entirely, before this miſchance had fallen on me, I ſhould not ſo deeply dread my baniſhment!

Julia. My ſoul is oppreſs'd with ſorrow at the nature of your misfortune: had theſe adverſe circumſtances ariſen from a leſs fatal cauſe, I ſhould have felt ſtrong comfort in the thought that I could now chaſe from your boſom every doubt of the warm ſincerity of my love.——My heart has long known no other guardian—I now intruſt my perſon to your honour—we will fly together.—When ſafe from purſuit, my father's will may be fulfilled—and I receive a legal claim to be the partner of your ſorrows, and tendereſt comforter. Then on the boſ m of your wedded Julia, you may lull your keen regret to ſlumbering; while virtuous love, with a Cherub's hand, ſhall ſmooth the brow of upbraiding thought, and pluck the thorn from compunction.

Faulk. O Julia! I am bankrupt in gratitude! but the time is ſo preſſing, it calls on you for ſo haſty a reſolution. Would you not wiſh ſome hours to weigh the advantages you forego, and what little compenſation poor Faulkland can make you beſide his ſolitary love?

Julia. I aſk not a moment.—No, Faulkland, I have lov'd you for yourſelf: and if I now, more than ever, prize the ſolemn engagement which ſo

long has pledged us to each other, it is becauſe it leaves no room for hard aſperſions on my fame, and puts the ſeal of duty to an act of love.—But let us not linger.—Perhaps this delay——

Faulk. 'Twill be better I ſhould not venture out again till dark.—Yet am I griev'd to think what numberleſs diſtreſſes will preſs heavy on your gentle diſpoſition!

Julia. Perhaps your fortune may be forfeited by this unhappy act.—I know not whether 'tis ſo—but ſure that alone can never make us unhappy.—The little I have will be ſufficient to ſupport us; and exile never ſhould be ſplendid.

Faulk. Aye, but in ſuch an abject ſtate of life, my wounded pride perhaps may increaſe the natural fretfulneſs of my temper, till I become a rude, moroſe companion, beyond your patience to endure. Perhaps the recollection of a deed my conſcience cannot juſtify, may haunt me in ſuch gloomy and unſocial fits, that I ſhall hate the tenderneſs that would relieve me, break from your arms, and quarrel with your fondneſs!

Julia. If your thoughts ſhould aſſume ſo unhappy a bent, you will the more want ſome mild and affectionate ſpirit to watch over and conſole you;—one who, by bearing *your* infirmities with gentleneſs and reſignation, may teach you *ſo* to bear the evils of your fortune.

Faulk. Julia, I have proved you to the quick! and with this uſeleſs device I throw away all my doubts.

Rivals, A. 5. Sc. 1.

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

BARON AND MARQUIS.

Baron. Has your ill fortune, which lately conceal'd your miſtreſs, play'd you ſome worſe trick.

Marq. Yes, ſince you have torn the ſecret from me; I wiſh her ſituation was ſtill unknown to me.

Baron. What have you heard then?

Marq. The very worſt I could hear; I have found out where ſhe is, but only to know her loſs is the more certain; in ſhort, her family are going to marry her immediately, and what completes my misfortune, to one of my beſt friends.

Baron. 'Tis a cruel ſtroke, I agree; but yet not half ſo bad as being ignorant what was become of her; and though unpleaſant, to be ſure, I think your ſituation much better than it was this morning.

Marq. Alas! what can equal my preſent diſtreſs! I know not what part to take. Every ſtep ſeems barr'd, and every hope forbidden.

Baron. Not at all; I ſee one very natural one, my dear Marquis.

Marq. What is that?

Baron. Purſue your point with the lady.

Marq. How is that poſſible, when I find her engaged to my friend, whom her father has choſen for her? My heart ought for ever to renounce all hope of her—honour and duty both forbid me to think of her?

Baron. Honour and duty, my good friend, are quite out of the queſtion. In affairs of this kind, you ſhould think of nothing but your love.

Marq. But, my dear Sir, for a moment put yourſelf in my place, would you do what you adviſe me? Would you allow your love to make you wanting to your friend?

Baron. Yes, Marquis, on this point I ſhould have no mercy; all ſcruple is mere folly in theſe caſes, and I would not ſpare my father.

Marq. I don't feel ſuch intrepidity; and if I did, what could I have to hope?

Baron. Every thing; ſince you are beloved, you cannot but ſucceed; I'd be anſwerable for it myſelf.

Marq. But what ſteps do you adviſe, and to what end?

Baron. In the firſt place, to break off this curſed marriage.

Marq. Impoſſible! She's on the point of being married—to-morrow, perhaps—nor can I do ſuch an injury to my friend.

Baron. Silly delicacy! if all the young fellows were ſo ſcrupulous, I ſhould pity half the wives in Paris. But pr'ythee, Marquis, don't own ſuch ſentiments; they would hurt your character eſſentially.

Marq. When you talk ſo, you are certainly not ſerious. I have formed and will purſue a nobler deſign, whatever it may coſt me.—I will no longer abuſe the error of a friend; I'll this moment diſſipate

it, and am refolved, be the confequence what it may, to reveal the whole to him without difguife.

Baron. By no means, you'll fpoil all.—Did any one ever make fuch a confidence?

Marq. What would you have me deceive a man whom I love, and who is my friend?

Baron. Yes, furely, Sir, deceive him.

Marq. But it's a fhame, a crying injury.

Baron. Deceive him, I tell you, deceive him; 'tis the cuftom.

Marq. You advife it!—You!

Baron. Moft decidedly;—nay more, I infift upon it.

Marq. I am aftonifh'd.

Baron. But I really do not comprehend you, you have a moft tender friendfhip, you fay, for this man; and are going, in pure kindnefs, to let him know you are beloved by the woman he is to marry. If any one was to fhew me fuch a kindnefs, his compliment would be but ill received, I can affure you.

Marq. This is unanfwerable, and you have convinced me quite. My paffion fhall now follow the path you have traced out.—But remember, 'tis you that have obliged me to this; you are anfwerable for my conduct, and if hereafter I am drawn on too far, 'tis you, and not I, that muft be blamed.

Falfe Appearances, A. 2. Sc. 1.

LOYALTY.

ZORINSKI AND ZARNO.

Zar. Oh! dear maſter, all my fears are over.

Zo. Who is it?

Zar. Pardon, dear Lord, what a rogue was I to think the great Zorinſki could ſwerve from honour—I feared it was ſome rival, or——

Zo. Who is't? I ſay.

Zar. Thank heaven, none that you can harm—it's the King. *(with a ſmile.)*

Zo. Ha! *(graſps his ſword.)*

Zar. Oh God! oh maſter!—what—impoſſible—

Zo. Diſcord is at large—oh, for a tyger's fury—

Zar. *(lays hold of his cloak.)* Oh! think a moment.

Zo. Cling not to me thus—away! I ſay. *(Zarno runs round, and falls on his knees before him.)* villain!

Zar. Yes, I am—any thing, reproach me, ſpurn me, kill me—Zorinſki an aſſaſſin! *my* Lord a traitor! I can't bear it. Oh! think of diſhonour—think of your ſoul—think of Zarno!

Zo. In vain—in vain——were he guarded by the furies, I would ſeize him! *(as he is ruſhing forward,* Zarno *jumps back, draws his ſword, and oppoſes him.)* ha! raiſe thy arm againſt thy maſter's life!

Zar. Do not you raiſe your arm againſt your maſter's life.

Zo. Oh, hell! he's right—Zarno, thou art ſadly changed—I've ſeen thee draw to *ſave* my life.

Zar. And now I draw to ſave what's dearer, your honour, your ſoul—you paſs not—no! I would rather ſee you dead at my feet, and I the man that laid you there, than ſuffer you to paſs.

Zorinſki, A. 3. Sc. 2.

LUXURY CENSURED.

OLD PRANKS AND WHIMMY.

Whimmy. I've tranſported Italy into England.

Old Pranks. Italy!

Whimmy. Here you'll ſee gardens.

Old Pranks. I've a garden at Brixton Cauſeway.

Whimmy. Such bananas—

Old Pranks. What! do they boil better with a bit of corn'd beef than a ſummer cabbage?

Whimmy. Cabbage! My hot-houſe!—half a dozen ſuch peaches laſt Chriſtmas! upon a ſum up, the rearing will coſt me two guineas a piece.

Old Pranks. For whoſe eating?

Whimmy. My own, to be ſure.

Old Pranks. Old Nick jump after them; ſwallow in a minute what would have kept a whole family for a twelvemonth.

Whimmy. Wer'n't they my own?

Old Pranks. Superfluities are not our own, whilſt the poor want common neceſſaries.

London Hermit, A. 1. Sc. 1.

MAGNANIMITY.

ALONZO AND ABDALLAH.

Alon. ———Where are thy ruffians—
Doſt thou not ſee I leſs abhor to die,
Than poorly to condition with Abdallah?
Why urge this parley?
Abdal. ———Thou wert born, Alonzo,
Thy enemies muſt own, to grace the name,
Tranſmitted thee from a long line of heroes———
Can'ſt thou then raſhly fix thy fate, and periſh
In flow'r of youth—in ignominy—bondage?
Alon. Ay—with a firmneſs thou can'ſt never know,
Who liv'ſt in guilt; and therefore find'ſt in living,
Only a daily reſpite from damnation.

* * * *

I have not liv'd ſo ill, that I have now
To learn to die,—and of *Abdallah* too!
No, white as angels if thou ſtood'ſt before me,
Denouncing thus my doom I could not fear thee,
How ſhould I *now*? *Almeyda*, A. 4. Sc. 1.

COUNT FLORESKI, KERA KHAN, LODOISKA, &c.

Count. Off, ſlaves, or I will daſh you piecemeal.
Lod. Floreſki!
Count. Oh! valiant Tartar, do we meet again?
Kera Khan. My friend!—Why do I find you here,

ſpite of the caution I laſt night gave you?—Your life might have paid the forfeit of your raſhneſs.

Count. That villain Lovinſki ſeiz'd, and detain'd us:—But could I, could I, have left my Lodoiſka.

Kera Khan. What, ſhe you were wildy wandering after?

Count. Here,—this, this is my love, my deareſt Lodoiſka.

Kera Khan. *(Drawing his Scymeter)* Hold—What's to be done?—Your love? your Lodoiſka? She's mine, mine by a conqueror's right.

Count. A conqueror's right!

Kera Khan. By a conqueror's right:—and I exert it thus—Take her, ſhe's your's.—You gave me life once, I have ſav'd yours a ſecond time.

Lodoiſka, A. 3, Sc. 1.

MANLINESS.

ELINOR AND EDWARD, *(a Boy.)*

Edw. My heart bleeds for you—pity is ſo mingled with affection, that I love you more than ever—but why do I ſtand blubbering here, whilſt the wretch lives?—I'll load my piſtols—I'll take ſuch cool aim!—oh! your tears ſhall be revenged.

Eli. Hold—conſider your youth—you are only a boy——

Edw. A boy! 'Slife!—I'm more of a man than he

is—would I have taken advantage of a woman in my power!—would I have saved an innocent girl's life, only to make it a burthen to her?—oh! if this is being a man,—if this be arriving at years of discretion,—may I remain a boy, a weak inexperienced boy, as long as I live! *Cheap Living*, A. 3. Sc. 3.

MATRIMONY.

FITZHERBERT TO JULIA.

Come, don't look so distress'd, child, at the approach of that period which will give you *dignity* and *character* in society—The marriage-state is that in which your sex evinces its importance; and where, in the interesting circle of domestic duties, a woman has room to exercise every virtue that constitutes the Great and the Amiable.

Which is the Man? A. 2. Sc. 2.

OLIVER AND AURELIA.

Ol. Can the cold and palsied hand of age tie the delicate knot of love?

Aur. No: but cold and palsied as it is, it can weave the inevitable web of misery.

* * * * *

Ol. What are your thoughts on marriage?

Aur. Thoughts! It is a subject on which a penny-less damsel must not cast a thought.

Ol. But if thoughts will intrude?

Aur. Why then thoughts are very impertinent things.

Ol. Viſitors which cannot be got rid of. Therefore what do you think of matrimony?

Aur. That it is the paradiſe of pleaſure for a few months, and the cave of deſpair for the remainder of life.

Ol. It is the cradle of love.

Aur. Say the tomb: and, love being dead, jealouſy, anger, ambition and avarice, all have full play.

Ol. What if love were vigorous enough to repel theſe ravagers?

Aur. He then falls a victim to the petty warfare of caprice, dullneſs, and the deſire of novelty.

Ol. What if beauty and wit be his guards?

Aur. Alackaday? They are guards that always deſert their poſt; and when on it, are ſo intoxicated with ſelf admiration that they never do their duty.

Knave or Not, A 2. Sc. 6.

JULIA TO FAULKLAND.

When Hearts deſerving Happineſs would unite their fortunes, Virtue would crown them with an unfading garland of modeſt hurtleſs flowers; but ill-judging Paſſion will force the gaudier Roſe into the wreath, whoſe thorn offends them, when its Leaves are dropt! *Rivals,* A. 5. Sc. 3.

SIR CHARLES, LADY DANVERS, AND MISS UNION.

Lady. ——— Perhaps though, he is not attach'd

Miss Un. He not attach'd!—what then? can't I shew Mrs. Seymour how to decoy him into the snare? how to manage her words? her eyes? her sighs? how to excite his affection by concealing her own?

Lady. Conceal affection!

Sir Ch. Yes: conceal affection, annihilate passion, extirpate sensibility—in short, turn robber—footpad —and by the fire of the eye, instead of the flash of the pistol, defraud the artless and unthinking, of their fortune, health and happiness! This is Miss Union's road to matrimony. *Fortune's Fool.* A 1. Sc. 1.

MERCY.

KERA KHAN, COUNT, VARBEL, &c.

Kera K. Thou art brave, and should'st be generous; I ask my life; I should have spar'd thine.

Var. Don't believe him; there are millions of them about: He is only laying a trap to catch you at disadvantage.

Kera K. Liar!——

Count. Hold! I trust to your faith. *(gives him his sword)*

Kera K. Young man, my obligations to thee shall live in my heart. *(A tumultuous noise of Tartars is heard)*

Var. There, there, I told you so; I knew you'd

throw us into the hands of these Tartars again, and I can't go on fighting all night.

Kera K. These Tartars are at my command.

Enter all the Tartars, headed by ITHORAK, KHOR, JAPHIS, KAJAH, TAMURI, AND CAMAZIN.

Halt! halt! respect the strangers; they are under my protection.

Ithorak. Protection! Kill the slaves!

Kera K. Ha! do you growl cur?

[*Throws Ithorak to the ground.*

Ithorak. Mercy! mercy!

Kera K. Arise; and let the mercy I extend teach thee to feel for others. *Lodoiska*, A. 1. Sc. 1.

FITZHARDING TO SAMSON.

Fitz. Friend, I will stoop
To prop a sinking man, that's call'd a rogue,
And count him innocent, 'till he's found guilty.
I learn'd it from our English laws; where Mercy
Models the weights that fill'd the scales of Justice;
And Charity, when Wisdom gives her sentence,
Stands by to prompt her. 'Till detection comes,
I side with the accused. *Iron Chest*, A. 3. Sc. 3.

METAPHOR.

OCTAVIO AND ALICE.

Oct. Well, Alice, then the charming Viola is permitted by her guardian to visit this house to-day? You may depend on my gratitude!

Alice. I will, Sir; though I own it is not a quality on which, generally speaking, I place the greatest dependance.

Oct. Surely you do not doubt its existence: you do not think it a mere phantom.

Alice. Why really, Sir, my experience has taught me, that gratitude is something like a ghost; every body talks of it, but nobody sees it appear!

Oct. As to that, I can easily conjure up the apparition!—*(Giving her a purse)* How do you like it?

Alice. Oh! I admire your *spirit*, I assure you, Sir! It could not appear in a prettier shape.

Strangers at Home, A. 2. Sc. 2.

MISUNDERSTANDING.

SIR GREGORY AND PEREGRINE.

Sir G. Perhaps I am a little more in the secret, than you are aware.

Pereg. Then Sir Gregory, I must tell you, I think I have been treated with too little ceremony.

Sir G. O, you do?—Ceremony is quite out of the

queftion: I'll not blink the bufinefs afide:—you muft know you are detected.

Pereg. Detected?

Sir G. Yes;—found out to be an impoftor.

Pereg. Mighty well, fir!—But this barbarity of manners is not quite a novelty: I was ufed, full as illiberally, when I firft appeared in print.

Sir G. What the devil can he mean by appearing in print?—Advertifed perhaps for plundering a church;—or fome fuch virtuous exploit!

Pereg. Yes, it was faid that every thing I had, was ftolen from Baron *Munchaufen.*

Sir G. Damme, I believe you'd fteal from any body!—Now I think on't, I recollect the account of the robbery very clearly; the plate was melted down by a Jew, in Duke's Place.

Pereg. Gulphs, deferts, cataracts and mountains! Are we among the wild boars and buffalos, on the fides of the fteep Taranta? Am I treading on the backs of the crocodiles of Dandara;—elevated on the flying mountain of the Ruffians, or the flying bridge of the Chinefe?—Are we among——

Sir G. Stop, ftop;—this is *exactly*, word for word, with fomething, that was *very like* it; which I remember to have heard, when a boy, from the Merry-Andrew of a Mountebank.

Enter Waiter, leading in CARTRIDGE.

Wait. Here is the other—

Cart. H[illegible]!—what the devil has befallen the traveller! (*afid*[illegible])

Wait. Caught him, fir, with a mug of ale at his lip, ——juft going to mend his draught.

Sir G. Come, now, as the truth muft out, which of you two damn'd rogues, will turn king's evidence —your name is—— [*To* Cart.

Cart. If you mean me;—I fhall remain filent as a fpiked cannon!

Sir G. Yours? [*Turning to* Pereg.

Pereg. Infolent demand!—Go at the top of the Taurus mountains:—or to the pendent tomb of Mahomet—Enquire in the frofty Vallies of Carelia; or among the pearl fifhes at Baffora: proceed to the Lybian Defert——

Sir G. All this vapour *won't* do:—damn it, you gabble like a juggler over his cups and balls, to prevent the *trick* being found out.

Cart. If I fee my way clearly, this may turn to account. (*afide.*)

Wait. I heard him, your Honour, defire *this* accomplice, to fay his name was Peregrine Forefter.

Sir G. Did he?—then the cafe is evident.

Cart. If I muft fpeak out, fure enough he *did* make that requeft, and I agreed to it.

Pereg. I admit I did——

Sir G. That is all we want to know.

Wait. Moreover he faid in my hearing that he had no fettled habitation.

Pereg. I don't deny it——

Sir G. I thought as much':—I was of opinion, from the first, that he came under the vagrant act.

Pereg. Curse your vagrant act!—This to me, who have rid a hunting, on an elephant, in company with the Great Mogul?—Send for the divine Clara:—have recourse to my manuscript travels in that portmanteau: they will testify who I am.

Cart. O the portmanteau!—Yes, that shall answer muster-call immediately. *(Cartridge goes out and returns with the portmanteau.)*

Sir G. Well, for curiosity, I will just do as you desire—Tell Clara, I wish to see her;—and yet I know all this is a contrivance. Manuscripts you say?——

Pereg. Hold off—prophane them not—*(ransacking the portmanteau)*

Cart. Fire and fury!—Here's a mine will blow him to the devil. *(aside)*

Sir G. Hey! what's here?—The very identical bit of machinery I heard so much confederation about. The manuscripts are extremely *legible* indeed!

Pereg. Whirlwinds! and tornados!—all my marvellous travels on foot, walked off;—gone!—Every page!—This is evidently the stratagem of artful agency, to delude you, and injure me—If you have doubts——

Sir G. O no—'tis a clear case;—I have not a single doubt, I assure you.

Enter CLARA.

Pereg. O here is Miss Clara—Pray, madam, declare who I am.

Clar. Mr. Peregrine Forester, if I mistake not.

Pereg. There, sir——

Sir G. Now all this is vastly ingenious!—Don't I know, that all the performers in the drama are perfect in their parts: am I not satisfied that every thing was accurately settled at the last rehearsal, in order to impose upon me? *Hartford Bridge*, A. 2. Sc. 2.

ISAAC, (*solus.*)

I wish I had ever practised a love scene—I doubt I shall make a poor figure—I cou'd'nt be more afraid if I was going before the Inquisition—so! the door opens—yes, she's coming—the very rustling of her silk has a disdainful sound.

Enter DUENNA (*dressed as* LOUISA.)

Now dar'n't I look round for the soul of me—-her beauty will certainly strike me dumb if I do. I wish she'd speak first.

Duenna. Sir, I attend your pleasure.

Isaac. So! the ice is broke, and a pretty civil beginning too, hem! Madam—Miss—I'm all attention.

Duenna. Nay, Sir, 'tis I who should listen, and you propose.

Isaac. Egad, this is not so disdainful neither— believe I may venture to look—-No—-I dar'n't—-one glance of those roguish sparklers wou'd fix me again.

Duenna. You seem thoughtful, Sir——let me persuade you to sit down,

Isaac. So, so; she mollifies apace—she's struck with my figure, this attitude has had its effect.

Duenna. Come, Sir, here's a chair.

Isaac. Madam, the greatness of your goodness overpowers me—the lady so lovely shou'd deign to turn her beauteous eyes on me so.

[*She takes his hand, he turns and sees her.*

Duenna. You seem surpriz'd at my condescension.

Isaac. Why, yes, madam, I am a little surprized at it; zounds! this can never be Louisa—she's as old as my mother. [*aside.*

Duenna. But former prepossessions gives way to my father's commands.

Isaac. [*aside.*] Her father! Yes, 'tis she then—Lord, lord! how blind some parents are!

Duenna. Signor Isaac.

Isaac. Truely, the little damsel was right—she has rather a matronly air indeed! ah! 'tis well my affections are fixed on her fortune and not her person.

Duenna. Signor, won't you sit? [*she sits.*

Isaac. Pardon me, madam, I have scarce recovered my astonishment at—your condescension, madam—she has the devil's own dimples to be sure. [*aside.*

Duenna. Nay, you shall not stand [*he sits*] I do not wonder, Sir, that you are surpriz'd at my affability—I own Signor, that I was vastly prepossessed against you, and being teized by my father, I did give some encouragement to Antonio. But then, Sir, you were described to me as a quite different person.

Isaac. Aye, so you were, upon my soul, madam.

Duenna. But when I saw you, I was never more struck in my life.

Isaac. That was just my case too, madam; I was struck all on a heap for my part.

Duenna. Well, Sir, I see our misapprehension has been mutual—you expected to find me haughty and averse, and I taught to believe you a little black snub-nosed fellow, without person, manner or address.

Isaac. I wish she had answer'd her picture as well.

Duenna. But, Sir, your air is noble—something so liberal in your carriage, with so penetrating an eye, and so bewitching a smile——

Isaac. Egad, now I look at her again, I don't think she is so ugly.

Duenna. So little like a Jew, and so much like a gentleman——

Isaac. Well, certainly there is something pleasing in the tone of her voice.

Duenna. You will pardon this breach of decorum in praising you thus, but my joy at being so agreeably deceived has given me such a flow of spirits——

Isaac. O dear lady, may I thank those dear lips for this goodness [*kisses her*] why, she has a pretty sort of velvet down, that's the truth on't. [*aside.*

Duenna. O Sir, you have the most insinuating manner, but indeed you shou'd get rid of that odious beard—one might as well kiss an hedge-hog.

Isaac. Yes, ma'am, the razor wou'd'nt be amiss for either of us [*aside.*]

* * * *

Duenna. Come, Sir, I see you are amazed and confounded at my condescension, and know not what to say.

Isaac. It is very true indeed, ma'am, but it is a judgment, I look on it as a judgment on me for delaying to urge the time when you'll permit me to compleat my happiness, by acquainting Don Jerome with your condescension.

Duenna. Sir, I must frankly own to you that I can never be your's with my father's consent.

Isaac. Good lack! how so?

Duenna. When my father in his passion swore he would never see me again 'till I acquiesced in his will, I also made a vow that I would never take a husband from his hand—nothing shall make me break that oath——but if you have spirit and contrivance enough to carry me off without his knowledge, I'm yours.

Isaac. Hum!

Duenna. Nay, Sir, if you hesitate——

Isaac. I'faith no bad whim this—if I take her at her word, I shall secure her fortune, and avoid making any settlement in return; thus I should not only cheat the lover, but the father too. Oh! cunning rogue, Isaac! Ay ay, let this little brain alone——Ega, I'll take her in the mind.

Duenna. Well, Sir, what's your determination?

Iſaac. Madam, I was dumb only from rapture—I applaud your ſpirit, and joyfully cloſe with your propoſal, for which, thus let me on this lilly hand expreſs my gratitude.

Duenna. Well, Sir, you muſt get my father's conſent to walk with me in the garden. But by no means inform him of my kindneſs to you.

Iſaac. No, to be ſure—that wou'd ſpoil all—But truſt me when tricking is the word—let me alone for a piece of cunning; this very day you ſhall be out of his power.

Duenna. Well, I leave the management of it all to you. I perceive plain, Sir, that you are not one that can be eaſily outwitted.

Iſaac. Egad you're right ma'am, you're right I'faith.

* * * *

JEROME AND ISAAC.

Jerome. Well, my friend, have you ſoften'd her?

Iſaac. O yes, I have ſoften'd her?

Jerome. What, does ſhe come to?

Iſaac. Why, truly, ſhe was kinder than I expected to find her.

Jerome. And the dear little Angel was civil, hey!

Iſaac. Yes, the pretty little Angel was very civil.

Jerome. I'm tranſported to hear it; well, and you were aſtoniſhed at her beauty, hey?

Iſaac. I was aſtoniſhed indeed! pray how old is miſs?

Jerome. How old? let me ſee—eight and twelve—ſhe is twenty.

Isaac. Twenty?

Jerome. Ay, to a month.

Isaac. Then, upon my soul, she is the oldest looking girl of her age in Christendom.

Jerome. Do you think so? but I believe you will not see a prettier girl.

Isaac. Here and there one.

Jerome. Louisa has the family face.

Isaac. Yes, egad, I shou'd have taken it for a family face, and one that has been in the family some time too. [*aside.*

Jerome. She has her father's eyes.

Isaac. Truly I should have guess'd them to have been so—If she had her mother's spectacles I believe she would not see the worse. [*aside.*

Jerome. Her aunt Ursula's nose, and her grandmother's forehead.

Isaac. Ay, faith, and her grandmother's chin to a hair. [*aside.*

Jerome. Well, if she was but as dutiful as she is handsome---and harky, friend Isaac, she is none of your made up beauties—her charms are of the lasting kind.

Isaac. I'faith, so they shou'd—for if she be but twenty now, she may double her age before her years will overtake her face.

Jerome. Why, zounds, master Isaac, you are not sneering, are you?

Isaac. Why, now seriously, Don Jerome, do you think your daughter handsome?

Jerome. By this light, ſhe's as handſome a girl as any in Seville.

Iſaac. Then, by theſe eyes, I think her as plain a woman as ever I beheld.

Jerome. By St. Jago you muſt be blind.

Iſaac. No, no; 'tis you are partial.

Jerome. How! have I neither ſenſe nor taſte? If a fair ſkin, fine eyes, teeth of ivory, with a lovely bloom, and a delicate ſhape—if theſe, with a heavenly voice, and a world of grace, are not charms, I know not what you call beautiful.

Iſaac. Good lack, with what eyes a father ſees! As I have life, ſhe is the very reverſe of all this; as for the dimity ſkin you told me of, I ſwear 'tis a thorough nankeen as ever I ſaw; for her eyes, their utmoſt merit is in not ſquinting; for her teeth, where there is one of ivory, its neighbour is pure ebony, black and white alternately, juſt like the keys of an harpſichord. Then as to her ſinging, and heavenly voice—by this hand, ſhe has a ſhrill crack'd pipe, that ſounds for all the world like a child's trumpet.

Jerome. Why, you little Hebrew ſcoundrel, do you mean to inſult me? out of my houſe, I ſay.

* * * * *

Iſaac. I muſt get off as well as I can—her fortune is not the leſs handſome. Don Jerome, come now, let us lay aſide all joking and be ſerious.

Jerome. How?

Iſaac. Ha, ha, ha! I'll be hang'd if you hav'nt taken my abuſe of your daughter ſeriouſly.

Jerome. You meant it ſo, did not you?

Isaac. O mercy, no! a joke—just to try how angry it wou'd make you.

Jerome. Was that all, I'faith! I did'n't know you had been such a wag; ha, ha, ha! By St. Jago, you made me very angry tho', well, and you do think Louisa handsome?

Isaac. Handsome! Venus de Medicis was a sybil to her.

Jerome. Give me your hand, you little jocose rogue.

* * * * *

ISAAC AND ANTONIO.

Antonio. Indeed, my good friend, you must be mistaken, Clara D'Almanza in love with me, and employ you to bring me to meet her! It is impossible!

* * * *

She certainly wants me to conduct her to a dear friend of mine, who has long been her lover.

Isaac. Psha, I tell you 'tis no such thing—you are the man she wants, and nobody but you. Here's ado to persuade you to take a pretty girl that's dying for you.

Antonio. But I have no affection for this lady.

Isaac. And you have for Louisa, hey? but take my word for it, Antonio, you have no chance there—so you may as well secure the good that offers itself to you.

Antonio. And could you reconcile it to your conscience, to supplant your friend!

Isaac. Pish! Conscience has no more to do with

gallantry than it has with politicks—why, you are no honeſt fellow, if love can't make a rogue of you —ſo come;—do go in and ſpeak to her at laſt.

Antonio. Well, I have no objection to that.

Iſaac. [*opens the door*] There—there ſhe is—yonder by the window—get in, do (*puſhes him in, and half ſhuts the door*) now I ſhall hamper him I warrant—— ſtay—I'll peep how they go on—egad, he looks confoundedly poſed—now, ſhe's coaxing him—ſee, he begins to come to—aye, aye, he'll ſoon forget his conſcience.

* * * * *

Enter ANTONIO *and* LOUISA.

Ant. Well, my good friend, this lady has ſo entirely convinc'd me of the certainty of your ſucceſs at Don Jerome's, that I now reſign my pretenſions there.

Iſaac. You never did a wiſer thing believe me— and as for deceiving your friend, that's nothing at all—tricking is all fair in love, isn't it, ma'am?

Lou. Certainly, Sir, and I am particularly glad to find you are of that opinion.

Iſaac. O lud, yes, ma'am—let any one outwit me that can, I ſay—but here let me join your hands— there you lucky rogue, I wiſh you happily married from the bottom of my ſoul.

Lou. And I am ſure, if you wiſh it, no one elſe ſhould prevent it.

Iſaac. Now, Antonio, we are rivals no more, ſo let us be friends, will you.

Ant. With all my heart, Iſaac.

Iſaac. It is not every man, let me tell you, that would have taken ſuch pains, or been ſo generous to a rival.

Ant. No, faith, I don't believe there's another beſide yourſelf in all Spain.

Iſaac. Well, but you reſign all pretenſions to the other lady?

Ant. That I do moſt ſincerely.

Iſaac. I doubt you have a little hankering there, ſtill.

Ant. None, in the leaſt, upon my ſoul.

Iſaac. I mean after her fortune?

Ant. No, believe me, you are heartily welcome to every thing ſhe has.

Iſaac. Well, I'faith, you have the beſt of the bargain as to beauty, twenty to one—now, I'll tell you a ſecret—I am to carry off Louiſa this very evening.

Lou. Indeed!

Iſaac. Yes, ſhe has ſworn not to take a huſband from her father's hand—ſo I've perſuaded him to truſt her to walk with me in the garden, and then we ſhall give him the ſlip.

Lou. And is Don Jerome to know nothing of this?

Iſaac. O lud no: there lies the jeſt! Don't you ſee that, by this ſtep, I over-reach him, I ſhall be entitled to the girl's fortune, without ſettling a ducat on her, ha, ha, ha! I'm a cunning dog, an't I? A ſly little villain, heh?

Ant. Ha, ha, ha! you are indeed!

Iſaac. Roguiſh, you'll ſay—but keen hey?—deviliſh keen!

Ant. So you are indeed—keen—very keen.

Iſaac. And what a laugh we ſhall have at Don Jerome's, when the truth comes out, hey?

Lou. Yes, I'll anſwer for't, we ſhall have a good laugh, when the truth comes out, ha, ha, ha!

Duenna, A. 2. Sc. 2. 5 & 8.

MONEY.

ORVILLE AND AP-HAZARD.

Orv. What! you think money an excuſe for every abſurdity?

Ap-Haz. To be ſure—if I knock a man down—— "what's to pay?"—if I kiſs a married woman—— "what's to pay?"—if I marry myſelf—"what's to pay?"—if I come into parliament—"what's to pay?" Money will mend crackt heads—broken hearts, and wounded reputations—therefore I ſay again, "what's to pay," is my motto in the hour of danger. *Fortune's Fool*, A. 1. Sc. 2.

LADY FERMENT, JONAS, &c.

Lady F. How can you, child, be guilty of ſuch immorality?

Jonas. You ſhould bribe me to be better.

Lady F. Money, dear, ſhould never be got by immoral means.

Jonas. Then it will never be got at all.

Lady F. It would ſend us to a bad place.

Jonas. Ah! There will be a deal of the beſt company in that bad place. He that has money in his pocket is welcome every where.

Knave or Not? A. 2. Sc. 9.

MONEY (THE VALUE OF).

A Table with Fowls, Wine, &c. the Smugglers *depart in conſequence of a Coaſter being ſtranded; during the Storm,* TRIM *taps at the Caſement, then opens it, and enters the Apartment.*

Aboard! a hoy!—Hey! what nobody anſwer! i'faith, here's nobody to anſwer—afraid of the ſtorm I ſuppoſe—It does pelt away at a fine rate to be ſure. Poor old Commander! what's to protect you—— drench'd and without food—Hey, what's here? two fine birds ready roaſted—what a delicious meal could I make now—but there's a more ſatisfying treat for you, Trim.—Your Commander has the greateſt need, and depends on you—He muſt taſte firſt—— Providence has thrown them in my way—No, that can't be, for I came through the caſement, like a thief into another man's houſe.—No, it was not like a thief, for I hail'd 'em, and could get no anſwer— and miſery has a right to one.—Hey! ſome flaſks of

liquor too!—Am I to ſtand inactive here, and he dying for food? No, damme, I'll take them *(packing them together.)* Won't that be going away like a thief? No, it won't, for I'll leave what the owner will like as well—they'll overpay his loſs—and theſe to me in ſuch a moment, are worth more than I can now pay; for no money can purchaſe what I now feel. *(taking out his purſe)* There it lies without counting. *(placing it under the cover)* They ſay we ſailors don't know the value of money; 'tis falſe—we know it beſt—here's the proof—it goes to ſuccour the diſtreſs'd—to ſave life in the moment of its utmoſt need.

[*Exit through the lattice, with the baſket, &c.*

Smugglers, A. 2. Sc. 1.

MORTIFICATION.

VORTEX AND YOUNG RAPID.

Vor. Well, now I muſt intruſt you with a little ſecret—*(they ſit.)*

Rap. I have no objection to a *little* ſecret.

Vor. In the firſt place, then, I'll read this paper.

Rap. No; I'll read it—I ſhall read it much quicker. *(Reads.)*—"Receiv'd of Mr. Vortex the ſum of five thouſand pounds, in conſideration of which, I aſſign over all my right and title to——hum, um, um—Signed Ellen Vortex"—I underſtand——

Vor. Now you muſt know, the father of my niece—

Rap. Jeſſy Oatland! *(in reverie)*

Vor. No, her name is Ellen.

Rap. I know it, I know it—I know it—*(fretfully)*

Vor. Her father died in India.

Rap. With all my heart.

Vor. With all your heart?

Rap. Zounds! keep moving will you?

Vor. Yes, if you'll keep ſtill.

Rap. Then be quick.

Vor. Why I am quick, an't I?—Died in India, and left her to my care. All was in——

Rap. Confuſion!

Vor. You are right, all was in confuſion. So I prevailed on—

Rap. Jeſſy Oatland!

Vor. No, no, Ellen—to ſign that paper; ſince which, indeed, her affairs have turn'd out pretty lucky. I purchas'd this eſtate with her fortune, which will be yours, my boy!—It was a very ſnug bargain.

Rap. What a horrible thing is the gift of ſpeech!

Vor. Speech!—Did you ſay any thing about a ſpeech? Ah! had you heard mine out—Do you remember how it began?—"Had I met your eye at an earlier hour I ſhould"—*(During* Vortex's *narration,* Rapid *influenced by the moſt fretful impatience, has unconſciouſly bit, and torn to pieces, the paper given him by* Vortex.*)*

Rap. (*jumping up*) 'Sdeath and fire! Is this a time for ſpeeches! Is not your daughter waiting?—Is not —Oh, Jeſſy!

Vor. True, another opportunity! But, oh! 'tis a pretty ſpeech—Well, now, give me back the paper.

Rap. The paper!

Vor. Yes, now you have thoroughly digeſted the contents of the paper, give it me again.

Rap. Oh! the—the—the paper (*ſees it torn on the ground.*)

Vor. Yes; that precious ſcrap that ſecures us a hundred thouſand pounds, you dog!—Come, give it me.

Rap. My dear fellow, you gave me no paper.

Vor. But I did though.

Rap. Yes, you certainly did; but then—you—you—did not——

Vor. But I'll take my oath I did!—Come, give it me directly!—You—(*ſees the fragments on the ground.*) Eh! what!—No; yes—I'm undone, I'm ruin'd—Oh, my head! I'm going, I'm going.

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VORTEX, YOUNG RAPID, CHARLES, ELLEN, &c.

Y. Rap. (*to Charles Stanley*) What may be your buſineſs, here, ſir?

Chas. I came to take leave.———

Y. Rap. Huſh! (*apart*)—To enquire reſpecting that lady's fortune. We'll ſoon anſwer all that, wont we? (*nodding to* Vortex)

Chas. I ſay, ſir—

Y. Rap. *(ſtopping him)* We grant it,—we grant Mr. Vortex has recovered property to a conſiderable amount, but what ſignifies that? She aſſigned it for five thouſand pounds!—You ſee how I'm going on? *(To* Nabob.)

Vor. Oh, thank you, my dear friend!

Y. Rap. I've ſeen the paper; haven't I?—*(to* Vortex.)

Chas. And I ſhould be ſatisfied——

Y. Rap. You would be ſatisfied if you ſaw it—Certainly—very proper—nothing in nature can be more reaſonable; ſo, Nabob, ſhew him the paper, and ſettle the buſineſs at once *(walks about,* Vortex *following him.)* Shew him the paper!—don't keep the gentleman waiting all day.—Shew him the paper. My dear fellow! what's the uſe of walking after me? Shew him the paper.

Vor. *(taking advantage of the pauſes in the foregoing ſpeech.)* I ſay, my dear friend, huſh! Be quiet! I want to ſpeak to you; you forgot you deſtroyed it.

Y. Rap. I deſtroyed it!

Vor. Huſh!

Y. Rap. He ſays I deſtroyed it!

Vor. I did not—I'll take my oath, I did not.

Y. Rap. And it is true.

Chas. & Ellen. What?

Y. Rap. True, upon my honour! He has no more hold on your eſtates, madam, than I have.

Cure for the Heart-Ache, A. 4. Sc. 3. A. 5. Sc. 2.

NARRATIVE. (THE)

DASHLEY, NIMBLE, AND LANDLORD.

Dash. Give me an account of yourself—where were you born?

Nimb. Pretty far north. * * *

Dash. In what place?

Nimb. Newcastle, in old England.

Dash. And your parents?

Nimb. People of renown—they made some noise in the world, I assure you.

Dash. Noise.

Nimb. Yes, your honour, for my father was a tinker, and my mother sung ballads; but both dying, I was sent to the parish work-house, my master, instead of letting me hammer my brains over a horn book, kept me close to beating hemp.

* * * * *

Dash. Go on, friend—beating hemp was a hard task.

Nimb. Quite easy—I only laboured twelve hours in the day, had my board for nothing, besides a board to lie on.

* * * *

I was then bound apprentice to a blacksmith.

* * * *

Dash. That was worse and worse!

Nimb. No, better, and better—the heat of the

forge kept me warm. I wanted no cloaths even in winter, and on Sunday I had my liberty.

Dash. That was a happineſs!

Nimb. A very great misfortune; for one Sunday morning, paſſing over a field, I plumped on a partridge, and being naturally a bit of a ſportſman, I threw myſelf flat upon it, and was bringing it away, when I was ſeized by the Lord of the Manor.

* * * * *

Tried at the Seſſions, convicted of not being worth 100 pounds a year, and ſent up to Newgate to be tranſported. * * * *

Dash. That was truly diſtreſſing!

Nimb. Not in the leaſt—I ate, drank, and did nothing for ſix months.

Dash. A long time.

Nimb. It appeared very ſhort—I was at length ſhipped, with others, for the plantations.

Dash. What a cauſe of ſadneſs.

Land. 'Twas pitiful!—'twas wond'rous pitiful!

Nimb. No—'twas neither ſad nor pitiful: for the ſea air agreed with me, and I laughed and ſung the whole voyage—I ſerved my time out, and then joyfully worked my paſſage home.

Land. 'Twas ſtrange—'twas paſſing ſtrange!

Nimb. Strange!—damme, why was it ſtrange that I ſhould wiſh to return to old England, where I had ſpent the former part of my life ſo very comfortably?

Dash. Then your wish was gratified.

Nimb. Much disappointed; for on landing, I was taken by a press-gang, and carried before a justice.

Dash. Cruel!

Nimb. Very kind; for he let me enter for a soldier —I lost the comrade of this leg at the siege of Calvi.

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I was then, your honour, put on board a transport, to be sent home.

Dash. Poor fellow!

Nimb. Rich rogue! for I had all my pay in my pocket.

* * * * *

Dash. Your having your whole pay in your pocket was lucky.

Nimb. Devilish unlucky! for our vessel was captured by a French frigate—the Monsieurs took my money, and lodged me in a prison.

* * * * *

Dash. Your cause was singular.

Nimb. Not at all; for all my companions were in the same situation.

Dash. Then you despaired.

Nimb. No; my courage rose—so one night I got up and cut the French sentry down. * * *

So, please your honour, I got off, stole a boat,

launched out to ſea, and was ſoon after taken up by an Engliſh privateer.

Daſh. How fortunate!

Nimb. Quite the reverſe!—for ſhe was ſpeedily wrecked on the Coaſt of Cornwall, and I was thrown on ſhore almoſt frozen to death, and ſtarved with hunger.

Daſh. Miſerable predicament!

Nimb. Not ſo bad, neither; for I was happily ſeized with a violent fever, which not only kept me warm, but fortunately took away my appetite.

Daſh. Ha, ha, ha!

Nimb. I ſoon recovered, and have hobbled thus far to ſalute my old maſter of the work-houſe, ſhake hands with the blackſmith, thank the juſtice, attack my landlord's larder, make my bow to your honour, and hope you will enable me to drink ſucceſs to the Britiſh arms.

Daſh. What a happy diſpoſition! here friend, are my thanks for your narrative *(gives him money)* which will at leaſt remove your preſent difficulties.

Crotchet Lodge, A. 1. Sc. 1.

NATURE (PREDOMINANT.)

MANDEVILLE AND HOWARD.

Mand. Then all's confirmed; and I've no hope;—no friend!—What's to be done? whither ſhall I go?——where fly?——who will receive ſo loſt a

wretch as I am?—Purfued by enemies—abandoned by a father—forfaken by my child!—who will, who dare befriend me?

Howard. I will.

Mand. You!

Howard. You have forgot me, Mr. Mandeville—I fee you have—You don't recollect George Howard, whom when a boy you ufed to take fuch notice of.—I'm ftrangely altered fince you went to India—that is, in perfon only, I hope; for in mind and difpofition I am ftill the fame.

Mand. Are you?

Howard. Oh Mr. Mandeville! I don't know why—whether it is from the joy at feeing you, or from the grief I feel at the cruel treatment you've received—I don't know which it is—but I'm going to be the fame blubbering boy you left me.

Mand. Indeed!—'Sdeath! this generofity afflicts me more than all their cruelty!—Let me go—I heard your uncle's orders—"You muft not affociate with "a man of his character."—Let me begone. I will not involve you.

Howard. Not involve me! Didn't my father involve you? And if I've not the fortune to repay the obligation, I'll prove I have the gratitude to remember it. From this hour I am devoted to your fervice: and if the friendfhip of the fon can atone for the injuries of the parent, I fhall be far happier in partaking your diftreffes than in fharing my unfeeling uncle's riches.

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Mand. Is it poſſible? You that have had a faſhionable education! you that have been ſchooled in all the arts of modern foppery, and foreign folly! you, to be the only one to pity or befriend me!

Howard. Why, the fact is, they tried hard to ſpoil me; but I wouldn't let them—they ſent me all over the Continent, before I'd been half over England; taught me foreign languages, before I knew my own; inſtructed me how to pick my teeth all the morning in Bond-ſtreet; yawn all night at the Opera. But I was a bad ſcholar, Mr. Mandeville: and the ſatisfaction I feel at this moment proves I did right to educate myſelf. * * * * * They may have perverted my head; but I aſſure you, they hav'n't corrupted my heart. *Will*, A. 1. Sc. 1.

NATURE, (BEAUTIES OF)

CAPTAIN OAKLAND AND ELLEN.

Ellen. I know not how it is—but the ſweet objects which ſurround the Abbey, always fill me with penſive delight.

Capt. Oakland. A genuine mind, my Ellen, is ever touch'd by the pure beauties of nature.

Netley Abbey, A. 2. Sc. 2.

NATURE. (FEELINGS OF)

HASSAN AND SAIB.

Haſſ. ——Saib, I too have loved! I have known how painful it was to leave her on whom my heart hung; how incapable was all elſe to ſupply her loſs! I have exchanged want for plenty, fatigue for reſt, a wretched hut for a ſplendid palace. But am I happier? Oh! no! Still do I regret my native land, and the partners of my poverty. Then toil was ſweet to me, for I laboured for Samba; then repoſe ever bleſſed my bed of leaves, for there by my ſide lay Samba ſleeping.

Saib. This from you, Haſſan?—Did love ever find a place in your flinty boſom?

Haſſ. Did it? Oh Saib! my heart once was gentle, once was good! But ſorrows have broken it, inſults have made it hard! I have been dragged from my native land, from a wife who was every thing to me, to whom I was every thing! Twenty years have elapſed ſince theſe Chriſtians tore me away: they trampled upon my heart, mocked my deſpair, and, when in frantic terms I raved of Samba, laughed, and wondered how a negro's ſoul could feel! In that moment when the laſt point of Africa faded from my view, when as I ſtood on the veſſel's deck I felt that all I loved was to me loſt for ever, in that bitter moment did I baniſh humanity from my breaſt. I tore from my arm the bracelet of Samba's

hair, I gave to the ſea the precious token, and while the high waves ſwift bore it from me, vowed aloud endleſs hatred to mankind. I have kept my oath—I *will* keep it! *Caſtle Spectre*, A. 1. Sc. 2.

EDWARD *detaining* LADY ELEANOR, *whom the Servant is ſhowing out.*

Edward. Shall I ſpeak for you, Madam?

Lady Eleanor. Who are you, pray, young Gentleman? Is it you, whom Lord Norland has adopted for his ſon?

Edward. I believe he has, Madam? but he has never told me ſo yet.

Lady Eleanor. I am obliged to you for your offer; but my ſuit is of too much conſequence for *you* to undertake.

Edward. I know what your ſuit is, Madam, becauſe I was with my Lord when Hammond brought in your meſſage; and I was ſo ſorry for you, I came out on purpoſe to ſee you—and, without ſpeaking to my Lord, I could do you a great kindneſs—If I durſt.

Lady Eleanor. What kindneſs?

Edward. But I durſt not—No, do not aſk me.

Lady Eleanor. I do not. But you have raiſed my curioſity; and in a mind ſo diſtracted as mine, it is cruel to excite one additional pain.

Edward. I am ſure I would not add to your grief for the world.—But then, pray do not ſpeak of what I am going to ſay.—I heard my Lord's lawyer

tell him just now, "that as he said he should not know the person again, who committed the offence about which you came, and as the man who informed against him is gone off, there could be no evidence that he did the action, but from a book, a particular pocket-book of my Lord's, which he forgot to deliver to his servant with the notes and money to return, and which was found upon him at your house: and this Lord Norland will affirm to be his."—Now, if I did not think I was doing wrong, this is the very book—*(Takes a pocket-book from his pocket.)* I took it from my Lord's table;—but it would be doing wrong, or I am sure I wish you had it. *[Looking wishfully at her.*

Lady Eleanor. It will save my life, my husband's, and my children's.

Edward. (trembling.) But what is to become of me?

Lady Eleanor. That Providence who never punishes the deed, unless the *will* be an accomplice, shall protect you for saving one, who has only erred in a moment of distraction.

Edward. I never did any thing to offend my Lord in my life;—and I am in such fear of him, I did not think I ever should.—Yet I cannot refuse *you*;—take it.—*(Gives her the book.)* But pity me, when my Lord shall know of it.

Lady Eleanor. Oh! should he discard you for what you have done, it will embitter every moment of my remaining life.

Edward. Do not frighten yourſelf about that.—I think he loves me too well to diſcard me quite.

Lady Eleanor. Does he indeed?

Edward. I think he does!—for often, when we are alone, he preſſes me to his boſom ſo fondly, you would not ſuppoſe.—And, when my poor nurſe died, ſhe called me to her bed-ſide, and told me (but pray keep it a ſecret)—ſhe told me I was—his grand-child.

Lady Eleanor. You are—you are his grand-child—I ſee,—I feel you are;—for I feel that I am your mother. *(Embraces him.)* Oh! take this evidence back *(returning the book.)*—I cannot receive it from thee, my child;—no, let us all periſh, rather than my boy, my only boy, ſhould do an act to ſtain his conſcience, or to loſe his grandfather's love.

Edward. What do you mean?

Lady Eleanor. The name of the perſon with whom you lived in your infancy, was Heyland?

Edward. It was.

Lady Eleanor. I am your mother; Lord Norland's only child, (Edward *kneels.)* who, for one act of diſobedience, have been driven to another part of the globe in poverty, and forced to leave you, my life, behind. *(She embraces and raiſes him.)* Your father, in his ſtruggles to ſupport us all, has fallen a victim;—but Heaven, which has preſerved my child, will ſave my huſband, reſtore his ſenſe, and once more——

Edward. *(ſtarting.)* I hear my Lord's ſtep,—he is

coming this way:—Begone, mother, or we are all undone. *Every One has his Fault,* A. 5. Sc. 1.

SCHEDONI *with a lamp and dagger.* (ELLENA *asleep.*)

Schedoni. Yes, she's asleep! Fie on these shaking joints!
Does not my interest tell me she must die?
Hush! sure she speaks!—She never will speak more.
Oh! such weak thinkings will unman me quite.
How deep that sigh!—Her whole frame seems convuls'd——
Can I remove her robe and not awake her—
(*He looks at her breast, and seeing a picture, starts; then eagerly detaches it, drops the dagger, and shuddering draws back in an agony of horror.*)
Am I alive? and do my eyes see truly?
Or are these features but a fancied charm,
To bind that devil, which tempts me to destruction?
Ellen!—awake! awake!
(Ellena *starts up, shrieks, and falls at his feet.*)
Ellena. O save me! save me!
Spalatro will destroy me!
Schedoni. Quickly, tell me,
How came you by this picture?
Ellena. 'Twas my mother's.
Schedoni. Whose the resemblance—tell me, on your life?
Ellena. It is my father's portrait, and——
Schedoni. His name?

Ellena. The Count de Marinella.

Schedoni. My child, my child—In me behold that father.

Yet ſpare me—I ſhall blaſt you with my touch.
Stand off! The ſprings of love are poiſon'd here;
O miſery! To have a ſtar unknown,
Beaming with brightneſs, riſe upon my view,
While all the hemiſphere is ſtain'd with blood.
Let me gaze on thee! O that ſweet alarm!
Be huſh'd my child—no danger ſhall approach thee.
I'll make this breaſt a bulwark to defend thee.
I rave! O pardon me! and bleſs your father.

Ellena. I ſtand amaz'd—Eternal Providence!
A father, my deliverer! O, Sir, tell me,
Why the firſt care I meet with from my parent
Preſerves the life he gave? My infant years
Ne'er knew a daughter's duty; but my heart
Is apt I feel to learn its filial leſſon.

Schedoni. You ſhall know all, my child. But ah! the drink!

Ellena. Diſtruſting it, I threw it down, between
The bars of yonder window.
Ha! a Dagger! *(ſeeing it on the ground.)*
The villain would have ſtabb'd me as I ſlept,
Had not the father ſav'd me from the blow.

Schedoni. *(walks from her in the greateſt agony.)*
My Ellen, if you would not blaſt my ſenſes,
Mention this ſcene no more. Blot it from memory.
Here, from this hour of terror and of tranſport,
Promiſe, if poſſible, never to think of it.

Ellena. O, ſhould I not? when it reminds my heart,
How infinite the debt I owe my father!

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Schedoni. Come, my ſole pride—we will away for
Rome;
And think me not averſe to thy attachment.
Vivaldi ſhall be thine. I dote in fondneſs.
My heart, unus'd to be awaken'd thus,
Does like the burſting rock, guſh out in ſtreams;
The flood is pure, and will refine its channel.

Italian Monk, A. 2. Sc. 6.

NOVEL-READING.

LYDIA *ſitting on a ſopha, with a book in her hand.*—
LUCY, *as juſt returned from a meſſage.*

Lucy. Indeed, Ma'am, I travers'd half the town in ſearch of it: I don't believe there's a circulating library in Bath I ha'n't been at.

Lydia. And could not you get ' The Reward of Conſtancy?'

Lucy. No, indeed, Ma'am.

Lydia. Nor ' The Fatal Connection?'

Lucy. No, indeed, Ma'am.

Lydia. Nor ' The Miſtakes of the Heart?'

Lucy. Ma'am, as ill luck would have it, Mr. Bull ſaid Miſs Sukey Saunter had juſt fetch'd it away.

Lydia. Heigh-ho!—Did you inquire for 'The Delicate Diſtreſs?'

Lucy. —— Or, 'The Memoirs of Lady Woodford?' Yes indeed, Ma'am.—I aſked every where for it; and I might have brought it from Mr. Frederick's, but Lady Slattern Lounger, who had juſt ſent it home, had ſo ſoiled and dog's-ear'd it, it wa'n't fit for a Chriſtian to read.

Lydia. Heigh-ho!—Yes, I always know when Lady Slattern has been before me.—She has a moſt obſerving thumb; and I believe cheriſhes her nails for the convenience of making marginal notes.—Well, child, what *have* you brought me?

Lucy. Oh! here, Ma'am.

(Taking books from under her cloak, and from her pockets.)

This is 'The Gordian Knot,'—and this 'Peregrine Pickle.' Here are 'The Tears of Senſibility,' and 'Humphrey Clinker.' This is 'The Memoirs of a Lady of Quality, written by herſelf,' and here the ſecond volume of 'The Sentimental Journey.'

* * * * *

Lucy. O Lud! Ma'am, they are both coming up ſtairs.

* * * * *

Lydia. Here, my dear Lucy, hide theſe books.—Quick, quick.—Fling *Peregrine Pickle* under the toilet—throw *Roderick Random* into the cloſet—put *The Innocent Adultery* into *The Whole Duty of Man*—thruſt *Lord Aimworth* under the ſopha—cram *Ovid* behind

the bolſter—there—put *The Man of Feeling* into your pocket—ſo, ſo, now lay *Mrs. Chapone* in ſight, and leave *Fordyce's Sermons* open on the table.

Lucy. O burn it, Ma'am, the hair-dreſſer has torn away as far as *Proper Pride.*

Lydia. Never mind—open at *Sobriety.*—Fling me *Lord Cheſterfield's Letters.*

* * * * *

Sir ANTHONY *and Mrs.* MALAPROP.

Sir Anth. In my way hither, Mrs. Malaprop, I obſerved your niece's maid coming forth from a circulating library!—She had a book in each hand—they were half-bound volumes, with marble covers!—From that moment I gueſs'd how full of duty I ſhould ſee her miſtreſs!

Mrs. Mal. Thoſe are vile places, indeed!

Sir Anth. Madam, a circulating library in a town is, as an ever-green tree of diabolical knowledge!—It bloſſoms through the year!—And depend on it, Mrs. Malaprop, that they who are ſo fond of handling the leaves, will long for the fruit at laſt.

Rivals, A. 1. Sc. 2.

OBLIGATION.

SIR CHRISTOPHER CURRY, TRUDGE, WOWSKI, &c.

Trudge. Come along, Wows! take a long laſt leave of your poor miſtreſs; throw your pretty ebony arms about her neck.

Wowſ. No, no;—ſhe not go; you not leave poor Wowſki. *(Throwing her arms about* Yarico.)

Sir Chr. Poor girl! A companion, I take it!

Trudge. A thing of my own, ſir. I cou'dn't help following my maſter's example in the woods—*Like Maſter, like Man,* ſir.

Sir Chr. But you would not ſell her, and be hang'd to you, you dog, wou'd you?

Trudge. Hang me, like a dog, if I wou'd, ſir.

Sir Chr. So ſay I to every fellow that breaks an obligation due to the feelings of a man.

Inkle and Yarico, A. 3. Sc. 2.

OBSTINACY.

OAKLAND AND CAPT. OAKLAND.

Oakland. Harry, my boy, you have outſtayed your time—I hope, in your viſits, you did not include the Woodbines?

Capt. Oakland. Why Sir, ſhould they be excepted? Their change of fortune ought not to alter the regard of thoſe who paſs'd for their friends in proſperity.

Oakland. I have told you what took place this morning, between Ellen Woodbine and me; and expreſſed very fully my opinion; ſo you know the penalty of your reſiſtance.

Capt. Oakland. Fortune, it is true, has deſerted her; but wealth, dear ſir, can no more confer merit, than it can happineſs; and I yet perſuade my-

ſelf, that in the converſation of an hour I cou'd ſatisfy you—

Oakland. Stop—If I had an inclination to be convinced, half a dozen words wou'd do; but as I have not, all the languages of Babel, wou'd be of no avail—They wou'd only confuſe each other.

Capt. Oakland. Dear Sir, we ſhall ſail next tide; but in the anxiety of my preſent feelings, allow me, before I depart, to make one appeal. Miſs Woodbine, ſir—

Oakland. Not another word: I am fixt. Obſtinacy is the privilege of old age; and damme, if I'll part with a grain of it, tho' you can with your obedience. *Netley Abbey*, A. 2. Sc. 1.

ŒCONOMY. (FALSE)

PROJECT AND LADY PROJECT.

Project. ——I ſay it is your falſe œconomy that has hurt my fortune: ſaving trifles and ſquandering thouſands.

Lady Pro. Squandering!—What, ſir, do you pretend I don't conſult cheapneſs?

Project. Yes: but how, madam? you will lame my beſt horſes by ſending them to a cheap blackſmith, and then give a hundred pounds for a hammercloth—you will quarrel with your maid for burning two candles inſtead of one; and the ſame night loſe a thouſand pounds at faro—and, anſwer

me fairly, that you might uſe otto of roſes inſtead of lavender, haven't you ſent me to bed ſupperleſs for a whole month?

Lady Pro. Well: and what then, ſir?

Project. Then you ſtint the ſervants in meat and drink, only to dreſs them with bags and noſegays—and once when you gave one hundred and fifty pounds for a curricle, didn't you want me to drive two miles over impaſſable roads, only to avoid paying a turnpike? *Speculation*, A. 1. Sc. 1.

OFFICIOUSNESS.

MORTIMER, FITZHARDING, &c.

Fitz. May not I have my ſecret! Oons! good brother,
What would you ſay, now, ſhould a meddling knave
Buſy his brains with matters, though but trivial,
Which concern you alone?

Mort. I'd have him rot:
Die piecemeal; pine; moulder in miſery.
Agent, and ſacrifice to Heaven's wrath,
When caſtigating plagues are hurl'd on man,
Stands lean, and lynx-eyed Curioſity,
Watching his neighbour's ſoul. Sleepleſs himſelf
To baniſh ſleep from others Like a Leech
Sucking the blood-drops from a care-worn heart,
He gorges on't—then renders up his food,

To nourish Calumny, his foul-lung'd mate,
Who carries Rumour's trumpet; and whose breath,
Infecting the wide surface of the world,
Strikes pestilence and blight. O, fie, on't! fie!
Whip me the curious wretch from pole to pole!
Who writhes in fire, and scorches all around him,
A victim making victims!

Iron Chest, A. 2. Sc. 2.

OFFICIOUSNESS CURED.

SIR MILES MOWBRAY AND WRANGLE.

Sir Miles. Well, Sir, 'tis your own concern; if you are contented with each, it's a proof you are soon pleas'd. Quarrel when you like, and make it up how you can, you have my free leave. I find by late experience that the man, who thinks for more heads than he carries on his own shoulders, lays out care for himself, and reaps no thanks for his kindness.

Mr. W. Believe me, my good Sir Miles—

Sir Miles. Pardon me, my good Sir Caleb; that is a weakness I am cur'd of.—I was the dupe of credulity, when I believ'd you wou'd make my daughter happy, and when I took your word for your being so: I was the veriest dolt in creation, when I thought I could either qualify your failings, or compose your squabbles,—I pray you, Sir, be husband and wife in

your own way, and never let me be middle man between you, henceforth and for ever.

First Love, A. 5. Sc. 2.

OFFICIOUSNESS REPROVED.

ROQUE AND TOCHO.

Tocho. Do you not follow your maſter, to help him undreſs, friend?

Roque. That is *my* buſineſs, friend.

Tocho. By our lady, I never found a gentleman know his own buſineſs better, and do it worſe! what may thy maſter be, friend?

Roque. That is *his* buſineſs, friend:—but for me, I am a ſoldier; and have learnt ſomewhat in the wars.

Tocho. Aye, marry—I would fain know what 'tis.

Roque. 'Tis, when I ſee a knave thruſt his noſe into the buſineſs of another, to tweak it very luſtily.

Tocho. Signior, I do reverence a ſoldier—but I never much cared to ſee him go through his manœuvres.

Mountaineers, A. 2. Sc. 1.

OMEN. (THE)

SIR ADAM AND LADY CONTEST.

Lady Conteſt. (*Looking at her hand, gives a violent ſcream.*) Oh! Oh!—Oh dear! Sir Adam—Oh dear! Oh dear! Oh dear!

Sir Adam. What's the matter? What in the name of heaven is the matter?

Lady Conteſt. I wiſh I may die if I have not loſt my wedding ring.—Oh! 'tis a ſure ſign of ſome ill luck.

Sir Adam. Here, John! [*Enter Servant.*] Go and look for your miſtreſs's wedding ring; ſhe has dropt it ſomewhere about the houſe.

Lady Conteſt. I am afraid it was in the ſtreet, as I ſtepp'd out of my coach. Oh! indeed, Sir Adam, it did not ſtick cloſe. I remember I pull'd my glove off juſt at that time; go and look there, John. [*Exit Servant.*] Oh! Sir Adam, ſome ill luck will certainly happen to one or both of us: you may depend upon it.

Sir Adam. Childiſh nonſenſe! What ill luck can happen to us while we are good?

Lady Conteſt. But ſuppoſe we ſhould not be good?

Sir Adam. We always may if we pleaſe.

Lady Conteſt. I know we may. But then ſometimes 'tis a great deal of trouble.

Sir Adam. Come, don't frighten yourſelf about omens; you'll find your ring again.

Lady Conteſt. Do you think that young Lord may'nt have found it? Suppoſe we ſend to aſk him.

Sir Adam. Did you miſs it while he was here?

Lady Conteſt. No, nor ſhould not have miſſed any thing, if he had ſtaid till midnight.

Sir Adam. (*Taking her by the hand.*) Come, come to dinner. (*Going, ſtops.*) But I muſt ſay this has been a

very carelefs thing of you. My firft wife would not have loft *her* wedding ring.

Lady Conteft. But indeed, Sir Adam, mine did not fit. *Wedding Day*, A. 1. Sc. 2.

OSTENTATION.

CRACK AND SIR EDWARD.

Crack. Sir, I'll exercife the curricle and horfes, and I'll give the dogs a courfe.

Sir Edw. Are you there, my impudent friend?

Crack. That epithet does not fuit me, Sir—I'm remarkably *modeft*. Many pretend to do what they can't; fuch, I allow, are impudent. Now, I can do every thing, and I don't pretend at all.

Sir Edw. And pray, who are you, that are fo very officious?

Crack. If you wifh to make me your bofom friend, don't puzzle me: but, Sir, I believe I am the overfeer of the parifh; for I vifit all the ale-houfes every Sabbath-day.

Sir Edw. Yes, and moft other days—I faw you drunk laft night.

Crack. Purely out of refpect to fobriety—I told you I was the overfeer. My neighbours have weak *heads*; and as their wives and families depend upon the labour of their *hands*, rather than they fhould neglect their duty, I fometimes drink their fhare, and

my own too—I ſav'd five from being drunk laſt night, and that's hard work—however, good deeds reward themſelves.

Sir Edw. Upon my honour, I was not acquainted with your virtues—*(bowing.)*

Crack. No, Sir, few are—*(bows.)*—or I ſhould not bluſh ſo often as I do, by blowing the trumpet of my own praiſe.

Sir Edw. And pray, Sir, how do you get your living?

Crack. Sometimes one way—ſometimes another: I am firſt ringer of the bells, and ſecond huntſman to Old Tantivy; and though it's not in my power to improve the *weak heads* of my neighbours, yet I often mend their faulty underſtandings—*(pointing to his ſhoes.)*—ecce ſignum—*(ſhewing his apron.)*

Sir Edw. Any thing rather than work, ha?

Crack. Any work, Sir, to get an honeſt penny—Twice a week I turn pack-horſe; I fetch and carry all the letters, packets, and parcels, to and from the next market-town; and t'other day I ſtood candidate for clerk of the pariſh; but——

Sir Edw. The badneſs of your character prevented your election?

Crack. No, ſir, it was the goodneſs of my voice—You hear how muſical it is, when I only ſpeak. What wou'd it have been at an Amen!—*(whiſpering)*—The parſon didn't like to be outdone—Envy often deprives a good man of place, as well as perquiſites.

Turnpike Gate, A. 1, Sc. 1.

PROJECT AND TANJORE.

Project. ——— Psha! what signifies dress?

Tan. Every thing now-a-days—a good coat is tantamount to a good character; and if the World be a Stage, it's as necessary to dress as to act your part well: then consider the effect—why, when I landed from the Packet in my old blue coat, shabby red waistcoat, and decay'd kerseymeres, I cut through the alleys, and was push'd and smok'd by every apprentice and shopkeeper I met: but, the moment I put on these smart cloaths that you sent, I swagger'd through the most public streets—jostled all the men of fashion—cock'd my eye at all the lords, and receiv'd the homage and bows of the very shopkeepers and apprentices that had before sneer'd at me. Oh! in this age of false appearances, there's nothing like a shewy outside; and a taylor is a man of more consequence than you imagine. *Speculation*, A. 3. Sc. 1.

PERPLEXITY.

BEAUCHAMP AND LADY BELL.

Beauch. This is probably the last visit I can make you before I leave England:—will your Ladyship permit me, *before* I leave it, to acquaint you that there is a man, whose happiness depends on your favour? *(agitated)*

L. Bell. So, now he's going to be perplexing again! (*aside*)—A man whoſe happineſs depends on me, Mr. Beauchamp! (*looking on her fan*)

Beauch. Yes, Madam!—and—and—(*aside*) I cannot go on——Why did I accept a commiſſion in which ſucceſs would deſtroy me?

L. Bell. How evidently this is the firſt time he ever made love! (*aside*)—The man ſeems to have choſen a very diffident advocate in you, Sir.

Beauch. 'Tis *more* than diffidence, Madam, my taſk is painful.

L. Bell. Ay, I thought ſo! You have taken a brief in a cauſe you don't like; I could plead it better myſelf.

Beauch. I feel the reproach.

L. Bell. 'Tis difficult for you, perhaps, to ſpeak in the *third* perſon?——Try it in the *firſt*. Suppoſe now, ha! ha! only ſuppoſe, I ſay! for the jeſt's ſake, that you yourſelf have a paſſion for me, and *then* try—how you can plead it.

Beauch. (*kneeling*) Thus—thus would I plead it, and ſwear, that thou art dear to my heart as fame, and honour!—To look at thee is rapture; to love thee, though without hope,—felicity!

L. Bell. Oh, I thought I ſhould bring him to the point at laſt! (*aside*)

Beauch. (*riſing, aside*) To what diſhoneſty have I been betray'd!—Thus, Madam, ſpeaks my friend, through my lips;—'tis thus *he* pleads his paſſion.

L. Bell. Provoking! (*aside*)—*What* friend is this,

Sir, who is weak enough to use the language of another to explain his heart?

Beauch. Lord Sparkle.

L. Bell. Lord Sparkle! Was it for him you knelt? *(he bows to her)*—Then, sir, I must inform you, that the liberty you have taken—*(aside)* Heavens, how do I betray myself!—Tell me, sir, on your honour, do you *wish* to succeed in pleading the passion of Lord Sparkle?

Beauch. *(hesitating)* My obligations to his Lordship—our relationship—the confidence he has repos'd in me—

L. Bell. Stop, sir! I too will repose confidence in you, and confess that there is a manw hom I sometimes suspect not to be indifferent to me;—but 'tis not Lord Sparkle! Tell him so;—and tell him that—that—tell him what you will.

Beauch. Heavens, what does she mean! What language is this her eyes speak? *(aside)*

L. Bell. Do *you* visit me this evening! Here will be many of my friends, and you shall then see me in the presence of the man my heart prefers.

*(*Beauchamp *bows, and goes to the door; then returns, advances towards Lady* Bell, *makes an effort to speak; finds it impossible, then bows, and exit.)*

Heavens! what necessity have lovers for words? What persuasion in that bashful irresolution! Now, shall I let him quit England, or not!—What! give up a coronet and Lord Sparkle for a cockade and Beauchamp! Preposterous! says Vanity.—But what

ſays Love? I don't exactly know; but I'll examine their ſeparate claims, and ſettle them with all the caſuiſtry of four-and-twenty.

Which is the Man? A. 4. Sc. 1.

PERTINENCE.

SIR WILLIAM, MISS DORRILLON, &c.

Sir W. Lady Priory, I'm not accuſtomed to pay compliments, or to ſpeak my approbation, even when praiſe is a juſt tribute; but your virtues compel me to an eulogium.—That wiſe ſubmiſſion to a huſband who loves you, that cheerful ſmile ſo expreſſive of content, and that plain dreſs which indicates the elegance as well as the ſimplicity, of your mind, are all ſymbols of a heart ſo unlike to thoſe which the preſent faſhion of the day has miſled——

Miſs Dor. Why look ſo ſtedfaſtly on me, Mr. Mandred? Do you pretend to ſee my heart?

Sir W. Have you any?

Miſs Dor. Yes, and one large enough to hold—even my enemy. *Wives As They Were*, A. 2. Sc. 1.

PERTURBATION.

LADY BELL AND JULIA.

L. Bell. Julia! *You* at Mr. Beauchamp's!

Julia. Lady Bell, tho' I have acted raſhly, and was indeed found there, I'm not the guilty creature you

imagine—I am married!—I will no longer conceal it! *(bursting into tears.)*

L. Bell. Married! Oh Heavens! *(throws herself into a chair, with her back to* Julia.)

Julia. I dared not reveal it to my guardian, and for that reason fled from your house.

L. Bell. O Julia, and you are married! What a serpent have I nourished!—-But forgive me!—-You knew not—alas! I knew not myself, till this moment, how much——

Julia. My dearest Madam, do not add to my afflictions!—for indeed they are severe.

L. Bell. Ungenerous Girl! why did you conceal from me your situation?

Julia. Good Heavens! is it destin'd that one imprudent step is to lose me every blessing! In the agonies of my heart I flew to your friendship, and you kill me with reproaches.

L. Bell. And you have killed *me* by your want of confidence! Oh, Julia! had you revealed to me—

Julia. I dared not; for when Mr. Belville prevailed on me to give him my hand——

L. Bell. (eagerly) Mr. Belville!—-Mr. Belville, say you?

Julia. Yes; it was in Paris we were married.

L. Bell. (aside) So, so, so; what a pretty mistake I made!—But it *was* a mistake! . . . . And so my sweet Julia is married! married in Paris! Sly thing! But how came you at Mr. Beauchamp's, my Love?

Julia. In my rash flight this morning, my wicked Maid betray'd me into Lord Sparkle's house.—There Mr. Beauchamp snatch'd me from ruin, and gave me a momentary asylum in his lodgings.

L. Bell. Did Beauchamp!—But what is his worth and his gallantry to me? Can't he do a right thing, but *my* heart must triumph? *(aside.)*

Which is the Man? A. 5. Sc. 1.

PHILANTHROPY.

HARMONY AND MISS SPINSTER.

Miss S. Cousin, cousin Harmony, I will not forgive you for thus continually speaking in the behalf of every servant whom you find me offended with. Your philanthropy becomes insupportable; and, instead of being a virtue, degenerates into a vice.

* * * *

I have heard your mother say you were always foolishly tender-hearted, and never shewed one of those discriminating passions of envy, hatred, or revenge, to which all her other children were liable.

Har. No; since I can remember, I have felt the most unbounded affection for all my fellow-creatures.

* * * *

Miss S. Let me tell you, kinsman, all this pretended philanthropy renders you ridiculous. There is not a fraud, a theft, or hardly any vice committed, that you do not take the criminal's part, shake your head,

and cry, "Provisions are so scarce!" And no longer ago than last Lord-mayor's-day, when you were told that Mr. Alderman Ravenous was ill with an indigestion, you endeavoured to soften the matter, by exclaiming, "Provisions are so scarce!"—But, above all, I condemn the false humanity, which induces you to say many things in conversation which deserve to stigmatize you with the character of deceit.

Har. This is a weakness I confess. But though my honour sometimes reproaches me with it as a fault, my conscience never does: for it is by this very failing that I have frequently made the bitterest enemies friends—Just by saying a few harmless sentences, which though a species of falsehood and deceit, yet, being soothing and acceptable to the person offended, I have immediately inspired him with lenity and forgiveness; and then, by only repeating the self-same sentences to his opponent, I have known hearts cold and closed to each other, warmed and expanded, as every human creature's ought to be. *Every One has His Fault*, A. 1. Sc. 2.

HASWELL AND SULTAN.

Sul. Sir, you are summoned to receive our thanks, for the troops restored to health by your kind prescriptions.—Ask a reward adequate to your services.

Has. Sultan—the reward I ask, is to preserve more of your people still.

Sul. How more? my ſubjects are in health—no contagion reigns among them.

Haſ. The priſoner is your ſubject—there miſery—more contagious than diſeaſe, preys on the lives of hundreds—ſentenced but to confinement, their doom is death.—Immured in damp and dreary vaults, they daily periſh—and who can tell but that amongſt the many hapleſs ſufferers, there may be hearts, bent down with penitence to Heaven and you, for every ſlight offence—there may be ſome amongſt the wretched multitude, even innocent victims—Let me ſeek them out—let me ſave them, and you.

Sul. Amazement! retract your application—curb this weak pity; and receive our thanks.

Haſ. Curb my pity?—and what can I receive in recompence for that ſoft bond, which links me to the wretched?—and while it ſooths their ſorrow, repays me more, than all the gifts or homage of an empire.—But if repugnant to your plan of government—not in the name of pity—but of juſtice.

Sul. Juſtice!——

Haſ. The juſtice which forbids all but the worſt of criminals to be denied that wholeſome air the very brute creation freely takes; at leaſt allow them *that.*

Sul. Conſider, Sir, for whom you plead—for men, (if not baſe culprits) yet ſo miſled, ſo depraved, they are offenſive to our ſtate, and deſerve none of its bleſſings.

Haſ. If not upon the undeſerving—if not upon the hapleſs wanderer from the paths of rectitude—where

ſhall the ſun diffuſe his light, or the clouds diſtil their dew? Where ſhall ſpring breathe fragrance, or autumn pour its plenty?

Sul. Sir, your ſentiments, but much more your character, excite my curioſity. They tell me, in our camps, you viſited each ſick man's bed—adminiſtered yourſelf the healing draught—encouraged our ſavages with the hope of life, or pointed out their *better* hope in death.—The widow ſpeaks your charities—-the orphan liſps your bounties—-and the rough Indian melts in tears to bleſs you.——I wiſh to aſk *why* you have done all this?——What is it prompts you thus to befriend the wretched and forlorn?

Haſ. In vain for me to explain—the time it wou'd take to tell you why I act thus——

Sul. Send it in writing then.

Haſ. Nay, if you will *read*, I'll ſend a book, in which is *already* written why I act thus.

Sul. What book?—What is it called?

Haſ. "The Chriſtian Doctrine." [Haſwell *bows here with the utmoſt reverence*]. There you will find all I have done was but my duty.

Such Things Are, A. 3. Sc. 2.

PHYSIOGNOMY.

MRS. ENFIELD AND JOANNA.

Mrs. E. Will you copy the engraving, I ſhewed you?——

Joan. What the portrait of that ſtrange——?

Mrs. E. Mr. Mordent. *(Handing down a frame.)*

Joan. Mordent?

Mrs. E. Of Portland Place?

Joan. *(Examining)* I don't quite like him!

Mrs. E. Why?

Joan. He's a wicked man—

Mrs. E. Nay—

Joan. A wild eye!—I hope he is not your relation.

Mrs. E. No; but has been a very good friend.

Joan. Take care of him!

Mrs. E. Can you judge ſo certainly?

Joan. Looking at ſuch a face, who can fail? *(Examining* Mrs. Enfield) You are a worthy lady; a kind lady: your actions beſpeak it; and yet—Don't be angry—there is ſomething about your features I don't like!

Mrs. E. Bleſs me, dear!

Joan. I muſt be wrong, becauſe you are good: but you have not a good countenance. That's ſtrange! I never ſaw ſuch a thing before!—And the more I look, the leſs I like.

Mrs. E. Does ſhe ſuſpect me? *(aſide)*

Joan. If ever I draw your face, I'll alter ſome of

the lines. I'll make them ſuch as I think virtue ought to have made them; open, honeſt, undaunted. You have ſuch a number of little artful wrinkles at the corner of your eyes!—You are very cunning!

Mrs. E. (*In a tremor*) What does ſhe mean?

Joan. But what of that? You are kind to me; and I fear no cunning, not I! You found me friendleſs, have given me work, and I would die to ſerve you! So I'll copy that wild man's portrait.

Mrs. E. Wild?

Joan. Nay, for that matter, you need not fear him: but if you know any vain, fooliſh young girls, that love flaunting, and will liſten to fine promiſes, bid them beware of him!

Deſerted Daughter, A. 2. Sc. 2.

PITY.

LORD NORLAND, HARMONY, &c.

Lord. N. Plead the cauſe of the good, and I will liſten; but you find none but the wicked for your compaſſion.

Har. The good in all ſtates, even in the very jaws of death, are objects of envy; it is the bad who are the only real ſufferers: There where no internal conſolation cheers, who can refuſe a little external comfort?—And let me tell you, my Lord, that amidſt all your authority, your ſtate, your grandeur, I often pity you. *Every One has his Fault*, A 4. Sc. 1.

PLAYS.

LADY AMARANTH, *(Sola) reading.*

The fanciful flights of my pleasant coufin enchant my fenfes. This book he gave me to read containeth good moral. The man Shakefpeare that did write it, they call immortal; he muft indeed have been filled with a divine fpirit. I underftand from my coufin, the origin of plays were religious myfteries; that freed from the fuperftition of early, and the grofsnefs of latter ages, the ftage is now the vehicle of delight and morality. If fo, to hear a good play, is taking the wholefome draught of precept from a golden cup, embofs'd with gems; yet, my giving countenance to have one in my houfe, and even to act in it myfelf, prove the afcendency that my dear Harry hath over my heart—Ephraim Smooth is much fcandalized at thefe doings.

Enter EPHRAIM.

Eph. This manfion is now the tabernacle of Baal.

Lady Am. Then abide not in it.

Eph. 'Tis full of wicked ones.

Lady Am. Stay not among the wicked ones. (*loud laughing without*)

Eph. I muft fhut mine ears.

Lady Am. And thy mouth alfo, good Ephraim. I have bidden my coufin Henry to my houfe, and I

will not ſet bounds to his mirth to gratify thy ſpleen, and ſhew mine own inhoſpitality.

Eph. Why doſt thou ſuffer him to put into the hands of thy ſervants books of tragedies, and books of comedies, prelude, interlude, yea, all lewd. My ſpirit doth wax wrath. I ſay unto thee, a play-houſe is the ſchool for the old dragon, and a play-book, the primer of Belzebub.

Lady Am. This is one; mark! *(reads)* "Not the "King's crown, nor the deputed ſword, the mar-"ſhall's truncheon, nor the judge's robe, become "them with one half ſo good a grace as mercy doth. "Oh, think on that, and mercy then will breathe "within your lips, like man new made!"——Doth Belzebub ſpeak ſuch words? *Wild Oats*, A. 4. Sc. 1.

POPULARITY.

NOMINAL AND SAUNTER.

Saun. Well, every man in his way—For my part, I deteſt ſingularity.

Nom. Then you're an undone man; for by being ſingular in nothing, you'll be deſpiſed in every thing —For inſtance, now, George—When you go into company, and inquiſitive people ſay——"Who is he?—What, Mr. Saunter?" nobody can deſcribe you —You have been guilty of no abſurdities—no im-proprieties. But when I condeſcend to enter a room,

there's a general buz of applause, and the women all whisper, "That's he, the famous Ned Nominal! who games, who drinks, who fights, who intrigues. Oh! the sprightly vicious fellow." In short, George, ——I'm a public character.

Saun. A public character! What then?

Nom. Why, then, I make a damned noise without any meaning.

Saun. Believe me, Nominal, you are deceived— A character so useless can neither excite admiration, nor attention.

Nom. Useless! Oh, George, George!—how little dost thou know of modern life!—Useless!—That's the very thing that makes me. Now let me put a plain and simple question to you—Isn't a cat that walks on four legs a useful animal?

Saun. A cat on four legs useful?—'Tis an odd question—Certainly—

Nom. Very well. And what do you think of a cat with only two legs? Why, it's useless; and yet you and the rest of the world shall give it twice the admiration and attention. And there's the difference between us, George.—You are a very useful, worthy fellow, and consequently are despised—I am a very useless mischievous fellow, and of course, am admired—Therefore, my dear boy, take my advice— expose yourself and get into notice.

Notoriety, A. 1. Sc. 2.

POWER.

SELIM TO ABOMOLIQUE.

Sel. When power is reſpected, its baſis muſt be Juſtice. 'Tis then an edifice that gives the humble ſhelter, and they reverence it. But 'tis a hatred, ſhallow fabrick, that rears itſelf upon oppreſſion: the breath of the diſcontented ſwells into a gale around t, 'till it totters. *Blue Beard*, A. 1. Sc. 1.

MIST TO MRS. DAZZLE.

Mum! ever ſee Gulliver the Great?—that was our writing—to be ſure, audience damn'd it the firſt night, but what then?—Theatre's mine!—ſo gave 'em a doſe of it; acted it fifty nights running—revenged myſelf there—he! he! he!—and in like manner always will maintain dignity!—always, as long as I'm P. M. Peter Miſt—and M. P. manager of a playhouſe! *Management*, A. 2. Sc. 3.

PREFERMENT.

FRANK AND JESSY.

Frank. But Jeſſy, you who went to Lunnun Town to take in your larning, can tell me, be there as many houſes in Lunnun?

Jessy. A hundred times the number.

Frank. And do your 'squires there, like Sir Hubert Stanley and the Nabob here, keep fine coaches?

Jessy. Yes, Frank; there are some thousands round St. James's Gate.

Frank. St. James's Geat! Dong it; it wou'd be worth a poor man's while to stand and open that geat—Pray you, where do that geat lead to?

Jessy. The road to preferment, Frank.

Frank. Ecod, if your road to preferment be so cramm'd wi' your coaches and great folk, no wonder a poor man be run down when he tries to get a bit. *Cure for the Heart-Ache*, A. I. Sc. I.

PREJUDICATION.

SIR OLIVER, EARLING, LADY CYPRESS, AND EMILY.

Lady C. Now, Emily, you see what misery that wicked man has brought upon us all.

Em. I'm sorry for Sir Oliver's misfortune.

Lady C. I hope you have also pity for the sufferer.

Em. I trust I have for all that merit it.

Earl. I'm sure Miss Emily will not attempt to extenuate the guilt of such an action.

Em. You may be sure I never will defend a guilty person, knowing him for such; be you as careful how to criminate an absent man, till you have proofs against him. (*To* Sir Oliver) Sir, you are silent; I

ſhould wiſh to know if you have any thing to urge againſt him.

Sir O. Nothing, my dear, I'm liſtening with attention, and therefore ſilent. I ſhould be ſorry were you leſs unwilling to give up your opinion of a man who render'd you ſuch ſervice.

Lady C. What ſervice? Earling, you have heard the ſtory; let us hear what you have to ſay upon it.

Earl. If Miſs Fitzallan will ſuffer me to put a ſimple queſtion to her.

Em. By all means; put your queſtion.

Earl. When Mr. Algernon, by happy chance, came in ſo opportunely to her reſcue, can Miſs Fitzallan ſay what brought him thither ſo far from his own home?

Em. I never aſk'd what caus'd him to be there, nor did he tell me.

Earl. We'll call it then a very happy chance without a cauſe, or a moſt fortunate preſentiment that ſomewhere in that grove there would be found a damſel in the power of ſome vile ruffian, whom he was doom'd to reſcue. Some people might ſuppoſe this a colluſion, but Miſs Fitzallan can remove all doubts, by telling us who was the villain that offer'd her that violence.

Sir O. Can you do this, my Emily?

Em. I cannot.

Earl. Did Mr. Algernon know who he was?

Em. I do not think he did.

Earl. Did he ſecure his perſon?

Em. No; his care was wholly turn'd to me; the man he left upon the ground, and as it ſeem'd diſabled.

Earl. I have done: I leave it to the court to judge.

Lady C. A barefac'd trick. It is too palpable.

Sir O. Who can ſay that?—Let Mr. Algernon ſpeak for himſelf.

Earl. Speak!

Sir O. Aye, you have ſpoke, and ſhould not he? That's juſtice, is it not?

Earl. Did you always find it ſo where you have been, Sir Oliver?

Sir O. Whether I found it ſo or not, I felt it.

Em. Now, Mr. Earling, you may put thoſe queſtions, you've preſs'd on me, to Mr. Algernon. Perhaps he'll anſwer them.

Lady C. Emily, Emily, you forget yourſelf.

Em. Madam, I ſhould, if I forbore to ſpeak, when charges ſuch as theſe are urg'd againſt an abſent, therefore a defenceleſs man. You have not allow'd him to approach you, madam; this gentleman, equally unknown to him, prejudges him at once; he is ingenious to find out bad motives for good actions; there's not a virtue in the human heart but may be metamorphos'd by ſuch cunning into a vice. Sir Oliver has ſaid, and ſaid it in the language of a hero—*Let Mr. Algernon ſpeak for himſelf.*

Sir O. And I repeat thoſe words—Let him be heard!—However circumſtances bear againſt him, and wretched though he has made me, ſtill I hold it

matter of conſcience never to prejudge, however ſtrong the grounds of my ſuſpicion.

Falſe Impreſſions, A. 3. Sc. 3.

PREJUDICE.

WINGROVE. *(Solus.)*

How powerful is the influence of prejudice. My reaſon convinces me that there is no other juſt criterion for deciding upon the merits of men, but ſuch as grows out of their own perſonal good or ill properties. If it were true, that the qualities of the parent were tranſmitted to the progeny, then, indeed, it might be as neceſſary to eſtabliſh the genealogy of a man as to aſcertain the pedigree of a horſe. But the properties of the mind elude the frail laws of hereditary deſcent, and own no ſort of obedience to their authority—How is it then, that with this diſtinct light before me, I cannot help falling into my father's prejudices? I feel them to be unjuſt; I know them to be abſurd: and yet, unjuſt and abſurd as they are, they influence my conduct in ſpite of me—I love my ſiſter—I know her affections are engaged to Young Manly—I am ſatisfied he is worthy of her—Yet I am adverſe to the match, and conſpire with my father in throwing every obſtacle in the way of its completion, and in favour of whom? Of Lord Dartford, a man void of feeling, ſentiment, or ſincerity—

uniting in him every contradiction of depravity; cold, gay, ostentatious, and interested—But he is a man of birth—Despicable distinction!

Fugitive, A. 2. Sc. 3.

FREDERICK AND SHEVA.

Fred. All the world knows you roll in riches.

Sheva. The world knows no great deal of me: I do not deny but my monies may roll a little, but for myself I do not roll at all. I live sparingly and labor hard, therefore I am called a miser—I cannot help it—an uncharitable dog, I must endure it——a blood-sucker, an extortioner, a Shylock——hard names, Mr. Frederick, but what can a poor Jew say in return, if a Christian chuses to abuse him?

Fred. Say nothing, but spend your money like a Christian.

Sheva. We have no abiding place on earth, no country, no home; every body rails at us, every body flouts us, every body points us out for their may-game and their mockery. If your play-writers want a butt or a buffoon, or a knave to make sport, out comes a Jew to be baited and buffetted through five long acts for the amusement of all good Christians—Cruel sport, merciless amusement! hard dealings for a poor stray sheep of the scatter'd flock of Abraham! How can you expect us to shew kindness when we receive none! *Jew*, A. 1. Sc. 1.

PREJUDICE OVERCOME.

MR. A. EUSTON AND LADY.

Mr. Anthony. Come—I wiſh not to exact too much —but I am a *man*, Madam, and with every frailty incident to the ſpecies: *ſuſpicion* has its place.

Lady. I know I am an object of ſuſpicion—but you are deceived in me—indeed you are.—Guilt never *harboured* in my heart.—Maternal tenderneſs, for two helpleſs infants, hurried me in a moment to do I know not what, rather than loſe them.—A deed! the horror of which (although by the mercy of eternal Providence I have eſcaped its direct conſequences) muſt ever cover me with bluſhes; and, ſhou'd indulgent heaven reſerve me for a meeting with my huſband, muſt, with remorſe, damp every joy the fond, fond, interview would give!

Mr. Anthony. Be comforted.—[*Leading her to her ſeat.*] I mean not to increaſe, but ſoothe your grief. —Tell me but *who* you are, and *why* thus abandoned by all your relations, friends, and huſband?——

* * * *

No frivolous curioſity, but a deſire to ſerve you, thus urges me to entreat you will *unfold* yourſelf.

Lady. Oh, Sir, I have a huſband, *I think*, who loves me.—Once I am ſure he did.——*My* heart has never ſtrayed from *him*, ſince our fatal union.—— What muſt that poor heart ſuffer, torn with remorſe

for the raſh ſtep my mad deſpair ſuggeſted to preſerve my children! —Oh! in my boſom let his name lie hid, that none may know his wretched fortune in a hapleſs wife.

Mr. Anthony. Your reaſons have ſatisfied me.—I do not aſk your name.—Tell me but the *circumſtances* that drove you to the ſtate from whence I releaſed you—Be ſo far explicit, and I will aſk no more.

Lady. Moſt willingly.——When firſt my huſband ſaw me, I was friendleſs.—Compaſſion cauſed his love for me—Gratitude mine for him.—Forlorn and deſtitute, no kind relation, no tender benefactor taught my heart affection.——Unuſed to all the little offices of kindneſs, could they but endear the object who beſtowed them?——Senſe of obligation, never before excited, preſſed on my thoughts, and ſoon was changed to love.—He ſcorned to violate the heart that was his own, and we were married.

Mr. Anthony. I find no room for accuſation here.—Go on—go on, Madam.—What has alienated your huſband from you, and left you thus deſtitute at preſent?—if you can reſolve me that—if you ſtill have acted with equal propriety, I am your friend—I have no cenſure for you.

Lady. But you will condemn my huſband—even I muſt own *he* was to blame. Born of wealthy parents, the heir to large poſſeſſions, and I to none, when he married, all were given up, and he changed his ſtate for mine.—We had no friend but in each other—yet happy was that ſtate to *me*, till poverty ſurpriſed us;

and the fond hope (which once he cherifhed) of paternal forgivenefs, vanifhed from my hufband.—— Then all our days were bitter as they had before been happy——tears were my only food, and fighs were his—even *reproach* I have endured from him, for making him the friendlefs wretch he call'd himfelf.— Yet—yet, at our parting, oh! then he cancell'd all —for when the regiment, in which he ferved, was ordered from the kingdom, he hung upon me, clafped his poor children, begg'd our forgivenefs for the thoufand outrages diftrefs at our misfortunes had caufed him to commit—fwore that affection for us was the fource of his impatience—-prayed heaven to blefs *us*, whatever might be *his* fate—nay, prayed that death might fpeedily be his doom, fo that it turned his father's heart to us.

Mr. Anthony. And have you never applied to his father?

Lady. Yes; but all in vain; and two months fince, hearing my hufband was made prifoner, (and deftitute of every relief and every hope while he remained fo) I left my children and came to London, refolved, in *perfon*, to fupplicate his father's bounty; when I learn'd (dire news) his father, vifiting an eftate abroad, was loft, and we left to defpair.

Mr. Anthony. What do you fay?

Lady. Nay, do not blame him—I pardon him from my foul.—And as my hufband, fpite of his difobedience, loved him tenderly, I will ever give a tear in tribute to his memory.

Mr. Anthony. Without hesitation! without the smallest reserve, tell me your husband's name? Is it Euston?

Lady. It is!

Mr. Anthony. His father is not dead!--He lives, and pardons him this moment! [*Embracing her.*

Mrs. Euston. *You* are his father!—I know it!—I see it in your looks! [*Kneeling.*

Mr. Anthony. And you shall henceforth see it in my actions!---Rise, rise, and behold [*Taking a paper from his pocket.*] where I this moment again disown'd him for my son, while the poor of every kind (except himself) I ever styled my children.—Oh! charity, partially dealt, never more receive that heavenly virtue's title.—Here [*Pointing to the paper.*] I provide for you as a poor stranger, who never asked, and might not have deserved my bounty; while, as a daughter, begging for an alms, I shut my heart, and sent your supplications back. Where was the merit of my thousands given, while one poor wretch, from proud resentment, petitioned me in vain?

I'll Tell You What, A. 4. Sc. 1.

PRINCIPLE.

SIR STEPHEN, FREDERICK, SHEVA, &c.

Fred. The treasure that integrity has collected, cannot be better lodg'd than in the hands of honor.

Sir S. It is a mine of wealth.

Sheva. Excuſe me, goot Sir Stephen, it is not a mine, for it was never out of ſight of thoſe who ſearch for it: the poor man did not dig to find it; and where I now beſtow it, it will be found by him again. I do not bury it in a ſynagogue or any other pile; I do not waſte it upon vanity or public works: I leave it to a charitable heir, and build my hoſpital in the human heart. *Jew*, A. 5. Sc. 2.

PROMISES.

PERCY AND MOTLEY.

Percy. How, Gilbert? Have you not promiſed to ſtand by me to the laſt? Did you not ſay you could die in my ſervice with pleaſure?

Motl. Very true.—But, Lord! if a man was always taken at his word, the world would ſoon be turned upſide down. When a polite gentleman begs you to conſider his houſe as your own, and aſſures you that all he has is at your diſpoſal, he'd be in a terrible ſcrape if you begin knocking down his walls, or requeſted the loan of his wife or daughters!

Caſtle Spectre, A. 5. Sc. 1.

PROPRIETY.

WOODVILLE AND CECILIA.

Wood. My Cecilia!—My ſoul!—Have I at laſt the happineſs of beholding you!——You know me too

well to imagine I would puniſh *myſelf* by a moment's voluntary delay.

Cec. Oh no; it is not that——*(both ſit down on the ſopha.)*

Wood. Say, are you glad to ſee me;---afford me one kind word to atone for your cold looks!---Are you not well?

Cec. Rather ſay I am not happy.—My dear Woodville, I am an altered being!——Why have you reduced me to ſhrink thus in your preſence?——Oh! why have you made me unworthy of yourſelf?——*(leans againſt his ſhoulder, weeping.)*

Wood. Cruel girl!—Is this my welcome?—When did I appear to think you ſo?

Cec. Tell me, when any one elſe will think me otherwiſe?

Wood. Will you never be above ſo narrow a prejudice?—Are we not the whole world to each other? Nay, dry your tears! allow me to dry them *(kiſſes her cheek.)* What is there, in the reach of love or wealth, I have not ſought to make you happy?

Cec. That which is the eſſence of all enjoyments: —innocence!—Oh, Woodville! you knew not the value of the heart, whoſe peace you have deſtroyed.—My ſenſibility firſt ruined my virtue, and then my repoſe.---But, though, for you I conſent to abandon an humble happy home, to embitter the age of my venerable father, and bear the contempt of the world, I can never ſupport my own!—My heart revolts againſt my ſituation, and hourly bids

me renounce a ſplendor, which only renders guilt more deſpicable.——*(Riſes)* I meant to explain this hereaſter; but the agitation of my mind obliged me to lighten it immediately.

Wood. Is your affection already extinct?—For ſure it muſt, when you can reſolve to torture me thus!

Cec. Were my love extinct, I might ſink into a mean content!—-Oh no!—'tis to that alone I owe my reſolution.

Wood. Can you then plunge me into deſpair?—So young, ſo lovely too!—Oh! where could you find ſo ſafe an aſylum as my heart?—Whither could you fly?

Cec. I am obliged to you, Sir, for the queſtion; but who is it that has made me thus deſtitute?—-I may retain your protection, indeed, but at what price?

Wood. Give me but a little time, my love! I am equally perplexed between my father and my uncle: each of whom offers me a wife I can never love.—Suffer them to defeat each other's ſchemes!—Let me, if poſſible, be happy without a crime; for I muſt think it one, to grieve a parent hitherto ſo indulgent.—I will not put any thing in competition with your peace; and long for the hour when the errors of the lover will be abſorbed in the merits of the huſband.

Cec. No, Woodville!—That was, when innocent, as far above my hopes, as it is now beyond my wiſhes.——I love you too ſincerely to reap any advantage from ſo generous an error; yet you at once

flatter and wound my heart, in allowing me worthy ſuch a diſtinction; but love cannot ſubſiſt without eſteem; and how ſhould I poſſeſs your's, when I have loſt even my own?

Wood. It is impoſſible you ſhould ever love either, while ſo deſerving of both.—I ſhall not be ſo eaſily denied hereafter, but am bound by the caprices of others at preſent.——I am obliged to return directly, but will haſten to you the very firſt moment.—When we meet again, it muſt be with a ſmile, remember!

Cec. It will when we meet again.—Oh, how thoſe words oppreſs me! *(aſide)*—But do not regulate your conduct by mine, nor make me an argument with yourſelf, for diſobeying my Lord; for here I ſolemnly ſwear never to accept you without the joint-conſent of both our fathers; and that I conſider as an eternal abjuration!—But, may the favoured woman you are to make happy, have all my love without my weakneſs! *Chapter of Accidents*, A. 2. Sc. 2.

PROSPERITY.

GEORGE, TRUEPENNY, &c.

George. ——I confeſs to you, that I have found the coming unexpectedly into poſſeſſion of Five Thouſand a Year, a damn'd troubleſome thing.

True. It's a trouble many would be glad to take off your hands.

George. Very likely—but only imagine the restraints I am suddenly under—the friends who us'd to shake me cordially by the hand, now approach me with a respectful bow.—The rich sparks who us'd to cut me at College, now insist on my being very intimate with them; those who wou'd in a friendly way call me George, now can only pronounce the monosyllable, SIR, while those, who in contempt, wou'd style me, *Mr.* Fervid, now entitle me George, swear they always liked me, and that George is the honestest fellow in the universe.

Five Thousand a Year, A. 1. Sc. 1.

PROVIDENCE.

MENTEVOLE AND JULIA.

Ment. This garden leads to mine; the passages
Are all secur'd. A ready priest within
Waits to unite us; therefore yield at once;
Vain is resistance. If I raise my voice,
Four faithful slaves behind yon thicket lodg'd,
Will bear thee off.

Julia. Am I betray'd thus vilely?

Ment. Look round, no aid is near thee. Thou art mine:
All thy reluctant beauties are my spoil,
And, won by wit, shall be enjoy'd at will.
Come;—nay, no strife.

Julia. (*kneeling*) O, give me inſtant death!
See, at your feet I fall.——

* * * * *

Satiate thy rage;
With new-invented cruelty deface me;
I will but ſmile at the uplifted ſteel,
And bleſs you while you kill me.

Ment. Have a care!
I mean thee no diſhonour; but theſe ſtruggles,
That heaving boſom, thoſe reſiſtleſs beams,
Darting their ſubtle heat through all my frame,
May fire my ſenſes to ſo wild a tumult—

Julia. O, fatal thought! I will choke in my breath;
Fall lifeleſs here. Is there no pitying power!
Are prayers in vain above?

Ment. As empty air.
Love only wakes, for he inſpires my ardour.
O, fond reluctance! muſt I call for aid?
No, gently thus— [*ſtooping to raiſe her, in the ſtruggle, the dagger falls from his breaſt, which ſhe ſeizes inſtantly, and riſes.*

Julia. Ha! was it ſent from heaven?
Lo, thine own dagger. See, I graſp it ſtrongly:
Now, monſter, I defy thee.

Ment. Plagues! confuſion!

Julia. The righteous guardian of the innocent
Has look'd from yon bright firmament to earth,
And ſends this timely ſuccour.

Ment. Meddling dæmons,
In black confed'racy combin'd againſt me,

Turn all my engines to their own deſtruction.
Yet hear with patience—
Julia. If thou dar'ſt approach me,
Stir but thy foot, or call thy baſe aſſociates,—
Swiſt as the ray that darts from yonder orb,
(I feel the artery here,) this friendly point
Shall pierce my heart, and, as death's ſhades cloſe round me,
I'll bleſs the night which ſhuts thee out for ever.

Julia, A. 4. Sc. 5.

PRUDENCE.

LADY ANNE TO MRS. SARSNET.

' Shall I tyrannize over the affections that I cannot win? If I want the power to pleaſe, let me correct my own defects, and not accuſe my huſband of inſenſibility! Oh, nothing is ſo killing to a huſband's love, as a diſcontented, irkſome, wailing wife! let me be any thing but that!

Deſerted Daughter, A. 1. Sc. 7.

PRUDENCE CHECKING IMPRUDENCE.

LADY ANNE AND MRS SARSNET.

Lady A. Take a letter out of your maſter's pocket?

Mrs. Sar. Yes, my lady; becauſe, being broke

open, I read the contents, and found that it was from one Mrs. Enfield, to appoint an *aſſaſſination* between my maſter and a young girl.

Lady A. Give it me!

Mrs. Sar. Yes, my lady; I was ſure you could not but wiſh to ſee it.

Lady A. Miſtreſs Sarſnet, I have frequently cautioned you againſt practices like theſe; which are mean, diſhoneſt, and pilfering.

Mrs. Sar. My lady!

Lady A. To have robbed your maſter of his money would have been leſs culpable, than to ſteal from him the knowledge of tranſactions which, becauſe of their impropriety, he has not the courage to avow.

* * * *

I have winked at theſe liberties too often: I'll ſuffer them no longer.

Mrs. Sar. Very—very well—Since your ladyſhip is ſo angry, you may turn, turn, me away, if you pleaſe, and quite break, break, break my heart!

Lady A. No: the fault is more than half my own: But, from this time, I ſeriouſly warn you againſt ſuch improper, ſuch baſe actions. * * *

(With great kindneſs) What you have done has been affectionately meant. I am ſorry to have given you pain, and to have excited your tears. But I muſt earneſtly deſire you will commit no more ſuch miſtakes. They are wrong, in themſelves; and every way fatal to my peace.

* * * * *

MR. MORDENT AND LADY ANNE.

Lady A. Pray, Mr. Mordent— * * * *
I have a paper—*(ſhewing the paper).*

Mor. Ay, ay! I knew it. Come, begin! I am prepared.

Lady A. It fell into my hands by the reprehenſible but unauthorized curioſity of my woman.

Mor. Ha, ha, ha!

Lady A. Indeed, I have never opened it.

Mor. Nor ſhe either!

Lady A. Yes; but that is not my fault.

Mor. Yours indeed? Impoſſible!

Lady A. The heart, which I cannot ſecure by affection, I will not alienate by ſuſpecting. *(returns the letter)* *Deſerted Daughter*, A. 2. Sc. 7 & 10.

PUFFS.

PUFF, SNEER AND DANGLE.

Puff. Even the Auctioneers now—the Auctioneers, I ſay, tho' the rogues have lately got ſome credit for their language—not an article of the merit their's!—take them out of their pulpits, and they are as dull as Catalogues!——No, ſir;—'twas I firſt enrich'd their ſtyle—'twas I firſt taught them to crowd their advertiſements with panegyrical ſuperlatives, each epithet riſing above the other—like the Bidders in their own Auction-rooms! From *me* they learn'd to

enlay their phraseology with variegated chips of exotic metaphor: by *me* too their inventive faculties were called forth.——Yes sir, by *me* they were instructed to cloath ideal walls with gratuitous fruits—to insinuate obsequious rivulets into visionary groves—to teach courteous shrubs to nod their approbation of the grateful soil! or on emergencies to raise upstart oaks, where there never had been an acorn; to create a delightful vicinage without the assistance of a neighbour; or fix the temple of Hygeia in the fens of Lincolnshire!

* * * * *

Sneer. ———But surely, Mr. *Puff*, there is no great *mystery* in your present profession?

Puff. Mystery! Sir, I will take upon me to say the matter was never scientifically treated, nor reduced to rule before.

Sneer. Reduced to rule?

Puff. O lud, sir! you are very ignorant, I am afraid.—Yes, sir,—*Puffing* is of various sorts—the principal are, The *Puff direct*—the *Puff preliminary*—the *Puff collateral*—the *Puff collusive*, and the *Puff oblique*, or *Puff* by *implication*. These all assume, as circumstances require, the various forms of *Letter to the Editor*—*Occasional Anecdote*—*Impartial Critique*—*Observation* from *Correspondent*,—or *Advertisement from the Party*.

Sneer. The puff direct, I can conceive—

Puff. O yes, that's simple enough—for instance—A new Comedy or Farce is to be produced at one of

the Theatres (though by the bye they don't bring out half what they ought to do) The author, ſuppoſe Mr. Smatter, or Mr. Dapper—-or any particular friend of mine—very well; the day before it is to be performed, I write an account of the manner in which it was received—I have the plot from the author—and only add—Characters ſtrongly drawn—highly coloured—hand of a maſter—fund of genuine humour—mine of invention—-neat dialogue—-attic ſalt! Then for the performance—-Mr. D—d aſtoniſhingly great in the character of Sir Harry! That univerſal and judicious actor, Mr. P——r, perhaps never appeared to more advantage than in the *Colonel*; but it is not in the power of language to do juſtice to Mr. K—g!—Indeed he more than merited thoſe repeated burſts of applauſe which he drew from a moſt brilliant and judicious audience! As to the ſcenery—-The miraculous power of Mr. *De Loutherbourgh's* pencil are univerſally acknowledged!—-In ſhort, we are at a loſs which to admire moſt——the unrivalled genius of the author, the great attention and liberality of the managers—the wonderful abilities of the painter, or the incredible exertions of all the performers!——

* * * *

Sneer. Well, Sir,—the *Puff Preliminary*?

Puff. O that, Sir, does well in the form of a *caution.*—In a matter of gallantry now—Sir *Flimſy Goſſimer* wiſhes to be well with Lady *Fanny Fete*——He applies to me—I open trenches for him with a

paragraph in the Morning Poſt.——It is recommended to the beautiful and accompliſhed Lady F four ſtars F daſh E to be on her guard againſt that dangerous character, Sir F daſh G; who, however pleaſing and inſinuating his manners may be, is certainly not remarkable for the *conſtancy of his attachments!*—in Italicks.——Here you ſee, Sir *Flimſy Goſſimer* is introduced to the particular notice of Lady *Fanny*—who, perhaps, never thought of him before —ſhe finds herſelf publiokly cautioned to avoid him, which naturally makes her deſirous of ſeeing him;—the obſervation of their acquaintance cauſes a pretty kind of mutual embarraſſment, this produces a ſort of ſympathy of intereſt—which, if Sir Flimſy is unable to improve effectually, he at leaſt gains the credit of having their names mentioned together, by a particular ſet, and in a particular way—which nine times out of ten is the full accompliſhment of modern gallantry.

Dangle. Egad, Sneer, you will be quite an adept in the buſineſs.

Puff. Now, Sir, *the Puff Collateral* is much uſed as an appendage to advertiſements, and may take the form of anecdote.——Yeſterday as the celebrated *George Bon Mot* was ſauntering down St. James's-ſtreet, he met the lively Lady *Mary Myrtle*, coming out of the Park.——'Good God, *Lady Mary*, I am ſurpriſed to meet you in a white jacket—for I expected never to have ſeen you, but in a full trimmed

uniform and a light horseman's cap!'—'Heavens, *George*, where could you have learned that?'—'Why, replied the wit, I just saw a print of you, in a new publication called the *Camp Magazine*, which, by the bye, is a devilish clever thing—and is sold at No. 3, on the right hand of the way, two doors from the printing-office, the corner of Ivy-lane, Pater-noster-row, price only one shilling!'

Sneer. Very ingenious indeed!

Puff. But the *Puff Collusive* is the newest of any; for it acts in the disguise of determined hostility.—— It is much used by bold booksellers and enterprising poets.—-An indignant correspondent observes—that the new poem called *Beelzebub's Cotillion*, or *Proserpine's Fete Champetre*, is one of the most unjustifiable performances he ever read! The severity with which certain characters are handled is quite shocking! And as there are many descriptions in it too warmly coloured for female delicacy, the shameful avidity with which this piece is bought by all people of fashion, is a reproach on the taste of the times, and a disgrace to the delicacy of the age!—Here you see the two strongest inducements are held forth—— First, that nobody ought to read it—and secondly, that every body buys it; on the strength of which, the publisher boldly prints the tenth edition, before he had sold ten of the first: and then establishes it by threatening himself with the pillory, or absolutely indicting himself for *Scan. Mag.!*

Dangle. Ha! ha! ha!—'gad I know it is so.

Puff. As to the *Puff Oblique*, or *Puff by Implication*, it is too various and extenſive to be illuſtrated by an inſtance; it attracts in titles, and preſumes in patents; it lurks in the *limitation* of a ſubſcription, and invites in the aſſurance of croud and incommodation at public places; it delights to draw forth concealed merit, with a moſt diſintereſted aſſiduity; and ſometimes wears a countenance of ſmiling cenſure and tender reproach.—It has a wonderful memory for Parliamentary Debates, and will often give the whole ſpeech of a favoured member with the moſt flattering accuracy. But, above all, it is a great dealer in reports and ſuppoſitions. It has the earlieſt intelligence of intended preferments that will reflect *honor* on the *patrons*; and embryo promotions of modeſt gentlemen—who know nothing of the matter themſelves. It can hint a ribband for implied ſervices, in the air of a common report; and with the careleſſneſs of a caſual paragraph, ſuggeſt officers into commands—to which they have no pretenſion but their wiſhes. This, Sir, is the laſt principal claſs of the *Art* of *Puffing*——An art which I hope you will now agree with me, is of the higheſt dignity—yielding a tablature of benevolence and public ſpirit; befriending equally trade, gallantry, criticiſm, and politics: the applauſe of genius! the regiſter of charity! the triumph of heroiſm! the ſelf-defence of contractors! the fame of orators!—and the gazette of miniſters!

Critic, A. 1. Sc. 2.

QUALIFICATIONS (FEMALE.)

PERCY AND MOTLEY.

Mot. And now, Sir, may I aſk what brings you to Wales!

Per. A woman, whom I adore.

* * *

The orphan ward of a villager, without friends, without family, without fortune.

Mot. Great points in her favour, I muſt confeſs. And which of theſe excellent qualities won your heart?

Per. I hope I had better reaſons for beſtowing it on her. No, Gilbert; I lov'd her for a perſon beautiful without art, and graceful without affectation—for an heart tender without weakneſs, and noble without pride. I ſaw her at once beloved and reverenced by her village companions; they looked on her as a being of a ſuperior order: and I felt that ſhe who gave ſuch dignity to the cottage maid, muſt needs add new luſtre to the coronet of the Percies. *Caſtle Spectre*, A. 1. Sc. 1.

QUALITY (ESTIMATED.)

COSTLY TO WAITER.

Your beſt cuſtomer is your rich cockney; and he always ſtops at the deareſt inn—always—for he fan-

cies nothing good that's not expenſive, and judges of the quality of an article by the quantity he pays for it—For inſtance, now; turtle!—do you imagine half the citizens, who eat turtle, like it?—no; but it muſt be good, becauſe it is ſo d——d expenſive!

Laugh When you Can, A. 1. Sc. 1.

QUALITY (RIDICULED.)

OLD PRANKS AND WHIMMY.

Whim. Then, as you have heard I've hopes of a peerage, you might be a little more reſpectful, Billy.

Old P. If you want to have more reſpect than another man, be better than another man; for your being call'd a lord can neither give you a wiſe head nor a good heart.

London Hermit, A. 1. Sc. 1.

MONROSE AND SUSAN.

Mon. Follow my advice, and you ſhall ſoon be a real lady.

Suſ. What and ride in my coach?

Mon. Ay, girl.

Suſ. Keep two footmen, a parrot, a lap-dog, and a monkey?

Mon. Oh a whole menagerie of monkies.

Suſ. Wear high feathers, long gowns, ſhort petticoats, red ſlippers, and clock ſtockings?

Mon. If you pleaſe.

Suf. Have my bed warm'd every night, lie as long as I like of a morning, eat buttered crumpets for breakfaſt, plumb dumplings for dinner, and oranges and ſweetmeats for luncheon and ſupper?

Mon. Served up with ſugar-candy ſauce. Ha, ha, ha! Should you like it?

Suf. Like it? How am I to get it?

Mon. By getting a rich huſband.

Suf. What one of your London Squire Jemmies; with his thing'embobs down to his ancles, his hands in his pockets, his ſwitch in his boot, his impudent ſtare, and his hop, ſkip and ſwagger, "How do you do, my dear?" *Knave or Knot?* A. 1. Sc. 1.

QUIBBLE.

LAURENCE AND ALICE.

Lau. Tell the cook to make haſte, Alice. I like my victuals rather under done.

Ali. You have been uſed to eat your meat rare, I ſuppoſe?

Lau. Yes, the meat that came to my ſhare in Algiers was very *rare*, indeed!—not above once a month.

Ali. And how did they treat you, Laurence? Tell me all about it.

Lau. They treated me with my *board*, to be ſure—to ſleep on, I mean; a ſcarcity of bread and water; and plenty of ſtripes and hard labour. For my part,

I had rather pay my own way in Florence, than be *treated* so by the best Algerine of 'em all!

Strangers at Home, A. 2. Sc. 1.

QUIZZING.

SIR PAUL AND CLARA.

Sir P. So far, I'm safe, my dear girl; you don't know what your poor guardian has suffer'd in this high—no—this low-lif'd house!—they forc'd me into a room full of buffoons, boxers, and black legs—made me drink a bowl of punch, and I'd as soon drink so much poison—then winking and nodding, they began whispering pretty loudly—"smoke the old prig! —damme, quiz him!"

Clara. Quiz him!—what's that, Guardy?

Sir Paul. Why, with our young men of quality, quizzing is a substitute for wit, my dear; so one man challeng'd me to play on the violin, and when I rose to move my elbows, another whip'd the chair from under me; a second put hot coals into my pocket, so when I felt for my handkerchief, I burnt my fingers; a third tried to cut off my tail, but that assassin I pursued, when unluckily in running after him, they had tied a string across the stairs, and I pitch'd headforemost into a *barrel* of water, they had placed for the purpose.

Rage, A. 2. Sc. 2.

REASON.

SIR WILLIAM TO JULIA.

Sir W. Reaſon, Julia!—You know 'tis my delight, my glory. What conſtitutes the pre-eminence of man, but his reaſon? 'tis like the ſacred virtue of high blood, a natural exaltation, of which we can never loſe the advantage, but by voluntary degradation, or perverſe miſuſe— *Fugitive*, A. 1. Sc. 1.

RECOLLECTION.

YOUNG MANLY AND WILLIAM.

Y. Man. Heavens, what a confuſion of horrors breaks in upon my mind,—My Julia fled, and I not the partner of her flight!—Oh I dare not ſpeak my apprehenſions even to myſelf!—If they are true, I am undone. Wretch that I am, were that all, it would be a trifle; but, Julia, my life, my ſoul, my love, I have ruin'd thee. I feel it all come ruſhing o'er my mind; yet ſtill it has the wildneſs of a dream—I recollect ſomething of a fair creature weeping and entreating me to let her go—Was it poſſible, that in any ſtate, I could let her ſue in vain.

Wil. I hope, Sir, you will forgive me for being ſo bold, but I am afraid Miſs and you have had ſome difference.

Y. Man. What's that to you, Sir?—Contemptible

villain that I am, I bluſh that my own ſervant ſhould gueſs at my conduct—Yet ſhe has eſcaped Lord Dartford—How know I what ſhe has eſca ed, or what endured? Thoſe heavenly charms of her's may have expoſed her to worſe than robbery! Yet ſurely her melodious tongue would ſubdue a tyger!—Did it ſoften thee, thou more obdurate far than any other of thy kindred ſavages in the foreſt?—And yet 'tis hard—'Twas to her own dear health I ſacrificed my reaſon—Oh! Julia—If I had lov'd thee leſs, I had not deſerved to have loſt thee—Perhaps William might get ſome intelligence—I cannot let him know how I have acted—Selfiſh wretch, doſt thou ſtart at ſhame?—May he not bring word where ſhe has taken refuge—Poſſibly I can ſerve her—Not for myſelf—I renounce all hope—Yet if I can but ſerve her—William!

Wil. Sir.

Y. Man. I have behaved like a ſcoundrel, William—worſe than a brute. I went to meet Miſs Wingrove, and you find how I qualified myſelf to be her protector—Where ſhe is, I know not—Go, enquire, good William—and be ſpeedy—Go to her father's—every where—and bring me word before I'm quite diſtracted—Stay, I'll go too—we'll divide, and meet at the poſt-houſe an hour hence.

Wil. Sir, you're ſo much flurried, you had better ſtay here till I come back.

Y. Man. Don't talk, Sir—And do you hear—Take care you don't get drunk, Sir—I know your failing.

rafcal; but when matters of importance are in agitation, none—no, none but a fcoundrel like myfelf would degrade his nature by bafely unfitting it for all the functions which render it either ufeful or refpectable. *Fugitive*, A. 2. Sc. 5.

RECONCILIATION.

RIVERS, MRS. ORMOND, AND ZORAYDA *veiled.*

Mrs. O. In vain, have I endeavoured, my dear fir, to convince Mifs Mandeville that fhe dreads, without reafon, the feverity of your ftrictures. I affure her that you will fpeak to her. * * *

Riv. Moft foothingly! moft kindly! Even as a father would fpeak to his daughter.

Mrs O. (eagerly) Right! exactly right! Remember your promife—Speak to her as an indulgent father would to his daughter, his beloved and repentant daughter. I leave you with her.

* * * * *

Riv. (after a paufe) I—I—prefume, Mifs Mandeville, you are aware how delicate a tafk Mrs. Ormond has impofed on me. *(Zorayda bows)* So delicate in truth, that no fentiment could induce my undertaking it lefs ftrong than gratitude for your generous intentions towards myfelf, and the intereft which Emily's account of you at firft infpired me with, and which your appearance could not fail to increafe.

Zor. (*aside*) Oh that dear voice! Yet how terrible it sounds!

Riv. I will not dwell upon the worth of public opinion, the blessings of self satisfaction, the torments of present shame and of future remorse; I know full well how light these considerations weigh against love, when a young hand holds the balance. 'Twas your heart which led you astray; to your heart then will I make my appeal; and if it be not marble, I shall not make my appeal in vain. Miss Mandeville, I will speak of your father——will explain how heavy is a father's curse—will paint how dreadful is a father's anguish!——Well can I describe that anguish! I have felt it, feel it still! I once had a daughter!——

Zor. (*aside*) His voice faulters.

Riv. This daughter——Oh! how I lov'd her, words cannot say, thought cannot measure!—This daughter sacrificed me for a villain, fled from my paternal roof, and——her flight has broken my heart —her ingratitude has dug my grave!

Zor. (*aside*) How I suffer!—Oh my God!

Riv. (*recovering himself*) Young lady, my daughter's seducer was Beauchamp! He has deserted her; so, doubt it not, will he desert you. My execration is upon her! Oh! let not your father's fall upon *you* as heavy. Haste to him ere it be too late! Wait not till his resentment becomes rooted—till his resolve becomes immutable—till he sheds such burning

tears as I now ſhed—till he ſuffers ſuch bitter pangs as I now ſuffer—till he curſes as I now curſe——

Zor. (*throwing aſide her veil, and ſinking on her knees*) Spare me! ſpare me!

Riv. Zorayda!—(*after a pauſe*) Away!

Zor. Pardon! pardon!

Riv. Leave me, girl!

Zor. While I have life, never again! Never; no, not even though you ſtill frown on me! Nay ſtruggle not!—Father, I am a poor diſtracted creature! Still ſhall my lips, till ſealed by death, cry to you for mercy—ſtill will I thus claſp my father's hand, till he cuts off mine, or elſe forgives me!

Riv. Zorayda! Girl!——Hence, fooliſh tears!

Zor. I hope not for kindneſs, I ſue but for pardon—I aſk not to live happy in your love, I plead but to die ſoothed by your forgiveneſs.—Still loath my fault, frown on me ſtill, daſh me on the earth, trample me in the duſt, kill me, but forgive me!

Riv. Her voice—her tears—I can ſupport them no longer. (*Breaks from her, and haſtens to the door*)

Zor. (*wringing her hands in deſpair*) Cruel! cruel! My God! my God!—Oh! were my mother but alive!

Riv. (*ſtarting*) Her mother!

Zor. Ah! he ſtops, She lives then! lives too in his heart!—Oh! plead thou for me, ſainted ſpirit! plead thou too, in former ſorrows, my greateſt comfort, in preſent ſufferings, my only hope!—(*taking a picture from her boſom*) Look on it, my father! 'tis

the portrait of your wife, of your adored Zorayda! look on these eyes—you have so often said they were like mine. Be moved by my voice—you have so often said it reminded you of my mother's!—'Tis she who thus sinks at your feet—'tis she who now cries to you, Pardon your erring, your repentant child! —Father, I stand on the brink of ruin: already the ground gives way beneath my feet—yet a moment, and I am lost!—Save me! Father, save me! If not for my sake, if not for your own, oh father, father! save me for my mother's sake!

Riv. (*Looking alternately at the portrait and her*) Zorayda—Zorayda! My child! my child! (*Sinks upon her bosom*)

East Indian, A. 5. Sc. 1.

SIR STEPHEN TO ELIZA.

Well, be as it may, with or without a fortune, portion'd or pennyless, I feel myself so irresistibly impell'd to open my arms to you as a father, that whether Sheva has or has not deceiv'd me, I here deposit my resentment, and by what I experience of your power over my heart, most thoroughly acquit my son for having surrender'd his.

* * * *

Your merit then, and not your fortune, shall endear you to me. I will strike out ten thousand pounds, that I perceive you are not possess'd of,

and write in ten thousand graces, which I perceive you are possess'd of, and so balance the account.

Jew, A. 5. Sc. 1.

REFLECTION.

KENRIC TO OSMOND.

But what, Earl Osmond, what can repay me for the sacrifice of my innocence?—I was virtuous till you bade me be guilty—my hands were pure till you taught me to stain them with blood—you painted in strong colours the shame of servitude—you promised freedom, riches, independence—you vanquished the resistance of my better Angel, and never since have I known one moment of rest!

* * * * *

All here reminds me of my guilt—every object recalls to me Reginald, and his murder'd Lady!

Castle Spectre, A. 3. Sc. 2.

REMUNERATION.

RIVERS AND MRS. ORMOND.

Mrs. Orm. Doubtless on applying to my brother—

Riv. I have applied.

Mrs. Orm And the result was—

Riv. Coldness and scorn.

Mrs. Orm. Indeed?—Oh George!—Well, well, we will not despond: In my poverty, I have still

ſome friends, I truſt, both able and willing to oblige me. To theſe will I recommend you, and till they ſucceed in ſerving you, take a lodging near mine; my table ſhall be always open to you; and as you may already have contracted ſome little debts, pray make uſe of this trifle to diſcharge them. If not ſufficient, only ſay it, and the ſum ſhall be increaſed.

Riv. Madam!—Couſin!—Emily!—Nay, now my heart muſt burſt!

Mrs. Orm. Let not ſuch a trifle—

Riv. Forgive me!—Deareſt Emily, forgive me! Here—take it, take it, and Heaven make you as happy with it as you deſerve to be.—(*Giving her a pocket-book.*)

Mrs. Orm. How?—Notes?—and to a large amount!—What can this mean?

Riv. It means, that I deſerve to be hanged, drawn, and quartered, for giving one moment's uneaſineſs to ſuch a heart. I am rich, Emily, rich—Yet I lie, for all that was mine is now yours.

Mrs. Orm. Amazement! Can this be real?

Riv. A few hours ſhall convince you of its truth, nor can you feel better pleaſed to be heireſs of my riches, than I feel at finding an heireſs who deſerves them. But I muſt away and begin my preparations, for by ſix o'clock you muſt be lodged in your own houſe, attended by your own ſervants, and ready to welcome me at your own table.

Mrs. Orm. But, dear ſir, this great haſte—

Riv. Oh! hang delay; what I do, I do at once, and so farewel for the present.—*(Going.)*

Mrs. Orm. But at least take back these notes; their value—

Riv. Is trifling when compared with that of your present! *(kissing it.)* But never—no, while I have life never will I part with this note! I'll wear it next my heart as a talisman, for you gave it when you could full ill afford it, and gave it too from the noblest of motives, compassion for the distrest, and respect for the memory of a father!

East Indian, A. 2. Sc. 1.

REPARTEE.

GROOM AND CRACK.

Groom. Why, that trunk, you, and the sailor, for a light carriage, were a little too weighty, I think, friend.

Crack. Not weighty enough, friend, or your trotting nags would not have galloped so fast; but it seems yours and your horses wits jump.

Groom. How so?

Crack. Why, your horses, like you, voted us too weighty, and so unloaded us.

Groom. Unloaded you!

Crack. Yes; if you won't believe me, ask your master's great coat—*(gives it)*—Brush it, d'ye hear, it has been rubb'd already.

Groom. And hay'n't you brought the black horfe back?

Crack. Why, how you talk! the black horfe would not bring us back.

Groom. And where is he?

Crack. He's gone.

Groom. Gone! Where?

Crack. He did not tell me where he was going; I was not in his confidence; when you catch him teach him better manners.

Groom. Dam'me, if ever I heard the like before!—*(amazed.)*

Crack. No, nor saw the like *behind!* He winc'd like a devil! the worft bred horfe I ever faw.

Groom. What do you talk of? Not a better bred horfe in the kingdom—*(with a knowing flang manner.)*

Crack. Then the manners of horfes are not more refined than their mafters; he kick'd up, as much as to fay, that for you—*(kicks up.)*

Groom. Dam'me, but you feem to have made a very nice job of it.

Crack. If you flatter at hearing *half*, what will you fay when you know the *whole?* The carriage, you fee——

Groom. Is that run away too?

Crack. No; but it might, if I hadn't taken good care of it.

Groom. By driving over pofts, I fuppofe?

Crack. No; by driving *againft* pofts—(Oh! you'll

find me correct)—by which I took off one wheel, and broke the other.

Groom. And havn't you brought it with you?

Crack. Without wheels! how could I?—'would have broke my back.

Groom. I wish you may'nt get your head broke, that's all.

Crack. So far from that, I expect to be complimented for my judgment; for if I had not, like a skilful whip, whipped off the wheels, I might have lost the carriage and all its valuable contents: by being expert I have saved both.

Turnpike Gate, A. 2. Sc. 3.

REPLICATION.

ABBESS AND ELLENA.

Abbess. Approach me daughter.—You, no doubt, are conscious
You are brought hither that the charms of youth
Improperly directed may not sully
The honour of a most illustrious house.

Ellena. Your sanctity will pardon me. I know
No passion better than the love of truth.
It is a truth, the Count Vivaldi sought me
In honourable seeming—it is true too
That I refer'd him to his noble parents,
And lent no approbation to the suit
Which had not their allowance to sustain it.

Abbess. Youth is habitually fickle, fair one.
Thus much to justify my friend's precaution.

Ellena. But can you think distrust of their son's firmness
Gives them a warrant to imprison me?
Am I thus torn from life and all its blessings,
Because a noble youth presumes to love me?
O'er him they have a parent's high controul;
But upon me no right, but such as pow'r gives;
A tyrant's pow'r that's wrested from the laws,
And violates the confidence of life.

Abbess. High notions these, from one so lowly born!

Ellena. No one is born too low for justice, Madam.
The humble feel as do the proudly born.
Shun pain, court pleasure, woo esteem like them.
And the most subtle, but quick spark of love
Strikes as much fire of passion in the poor,
As that which warms the bosom of the mightiest.

* * * * *

Abbess. You are too bold.

Ellena. Your pardon, I am injur'd.
Malice has silver tones, and placid looks.
The persecuted kindle with resentment,
And call a wrong a wrong—where'er they meet it.

Abbess. Is it a wrong to open wide the doors
Of bliss eternal, to precarious honour?
Is it a persecution to enfold
The feeble in religion's chaste embrace?

Ellena. No, Madam, when the soul approves the dwelling,
When, stung with all the miseries of flesh,
It woos the altar to bestow its peace;
'Tis then, what it was meant, the bless'd asylum
Of broken spirits and distracted minds.
But undesir'd, its sanctions are prophan'd,
And the august and sky-enthroned name
Dishonour'd by the impious mockery.

Italian Monk, A. 1. Sc. 3.

REPREHENSION.

FITZHARDING AND BLANCH.

Fitz. Look here—
Here is a purse of money.
Blanch. O, the father!
What will you give me any?
Fitz. Gold I find
The universal key; the *passe par tout*,
It will unlock a forest maiden's heart,
As easy as a politician's. Here;
Here are two pieces, rose-bud. Buy a top-knot;
Make thyself happy with them.
Blanch. That I will.
The poor old woman, northward of the lodge,
Lies sick in bed. I'll take her this, poor soul,
To comfort her.

Fitz. Hold!—hey the devil!—hold.
This was not meant to comfort an old woman.
Blanch. Why, would'nt you relieve her, Sir?
Fitz. Um?——yes:—
But—pshaw! pooh, prithee—there's a time for all things.
Why tell me of her now,—of an old fool,—
Of comforting the aged, now?
Blanch. I thought
That you might have a fellow-feeling, Sir.
Fitz. This little pastoral devil's laughing at me!
Oons! come and kiss me, jade. I am a Soldier,
And Justice of the Peace.
Blanch. Then, shame upon you!
Your double calling might have taught you better.
I see your drift, now. Take your dirt again,
(throws down the money.)
Good Captain Justice!—Stoop for it,—and think
How an old Soldier, and a Justice looks,
When he is picking up the bribes he offers,
To injure those he should protect;—the helpless,
The poor, and innocent. *Iron Chest*, A. 2. Sc. 2.

SIR GEORGE AND LADY FRANCES TOUCHWOOD, FLUTTER, AND MISS OGLE.

Flut. Lady Frances, your most obedient; you look—now hang me, if that's not provoking!—had your gown been of another colour, I should have said the prettiest thing you ever heard in your life.

Miss Ogle. Pray give it us.

Flut. I was yesterday at Mrs. Bloomer's. She was dreſs'd all in green; no other colour to be ſeen but that of her face and boſom. So ſays I, my dear Mrs. Bloomer! you look like a Carnation, juſt burſting from its pod.

Sir Geo. And what ſaid her Huſband?

Flut. Her Huſband! Why, her Huſband laugh'd, and ſaid a Cucumber would have been a happier ſimile.

Sir Geo. But there *are* Huſbands, Sir, who would rather have corrected than amended your compariſon; I, for inſtance, ſhould conſider a man's complimenting my Wife as an impertinence.

Flut. Why, what harm can there be in compliments? Sure they are not infectious; and, if they were, you, Sir George, of all people breathing, have reaſon to be ſatisfied about your Lady's attachment; every body talks of it: that little Bird there, that ſhe killed out of jealouſy, the moſt extraordinary inſtance of affection, that ever was given.

Lady Fran. I kill a Bird through jealouſy!—Heavens! Mr. Flutter, how can you impute ſuch a cruelty to me?

Sir Geo. I could have forgiven you, if you had.

Flut. Oh, what a blundering Fool!—No, no—now I remember—'twas your Bird, Lady Frances—that's it; your Bullfinch, which Sir George, in one of the refinements of his paſſion, ſent into the wide

world to ſeek its fortune.—He took it for a Knight in diſguiſe.

Lady Fran. Is it poſſible! O, Sir George, could I have imagin'd it was you who depriv'd me of a creature I was ſo fond of?

Sir Geo. Mr. Flutter, you are one of thoſe buſy, idle, meddling people, who, from mere vacuity of mind, are the moſt dangerous inmates in a family. You have neither feelings nor opinions of your own; but, like a glaſs in a tavern, bear about thoſe of every Blockhead, who gives you his;—and, becauſe you *mean* no harm, think yourſelves excus'd, though broken friendſhips, diſcords, and murders, are the conſequences of your indiſcretions.

Flut. (taking out his Tablets.) Vacuity of Mind!—What was the next? I'll write down this ſermon; 'tis the firſt I have heard ſince my Grandmother's funeral. *Belle's Stratagem*, A. 2. Sc. 1.

LAMOTTE AND MADAME.

Madame. Then you would aid the Marquis's deſigns?

Lamotte. Would! Nay, I muſt.

Madame. Lamotte, conſider firſt
Whether that beſt friend, Conſcience, will allow it.

Lamotte. I have no time for craven thoughts like theſe.
A lot like mine needs powerful ſupporters,

Chance throws them in my way, and would'ſt thou have
A ſchool-boy's terror make me ſhrink to claſp them?
Madame. Chance threw, too, in your way a helpleſs orphan,
You did not ſnatch her from the ruffian's dagger,
Nor bear her from a moſt diſnatur'd father,
To yield her beauty to the luſt of greatneſs,
And ſave her life but to deſtroy her honour.
* * * * * I am myſelf a mother,
I feel the crowding hopes, the anxious fears,
The ſorrows, and the tranſports of a mother!
I were unworthy of that ſacred name,
Could I ſtand by, and ſee one mother's joy
Baſely betray'd to miſery and guilt.

Fontainville Foreſt, A. 4. Sc. 3.

VANDERCRAB AND VIRTU.

Vand. Pray, Sir, may I aſk, whether you are an Engliſhman, or a Frenchman, or a kind of a heterogeneous animal?——

Virtu. I am afraid, Sir, I had *le malheur*, the misfortune, to be born in England.

Vand. Are you ſo, Sir? I am afraid you have alſo the misfortune to be a ſcoundrel; for I never yet knew an Engliſhman aſhamed of his country, till his country had cauſe to be aſhamed of him.

New Peerage, A. 2. Sc. 2.

RESENTMENT.

SIR EDWARD AND MARY.

Sir Edw. I wiſh your father to be rent free. I long to give you an annuity and a coach; take you to town and make you happy.

Mary. I doubt, Sir, if that would make me ſo; and if there are fathers whoſe neceſſities preſs them to ſeek ſubſiſtence by the ſale of a daughter's virtue, how noble were it in the wealthy to pity and relieve them? [*Exit haſtily.*

Turnpike Gate, A. 1. Sc. 1.

UNDERMINE AND APRIL.

Und. What April here—I gueſs your errand, and am ſorry, ſir, I cannot continue you as ſteward.

April. (*aſide.*) I your ſteward! No, that is not my errand. I am a feeble fellow, ſliding out of the world; but Greville is a noble fellow riſing into it. 'Tis reſpecting him I come. You muſt aſſiſt him. How is he to live?

Und. (*Sneeringly.*) Oh! his integrity will ſupport him.

April. True; but conſider what a way you would be in, if you had nothing but your integrity to ſupport you.

Und. Sir, I ſee you only want to trifle with me.

April. True; I only want a trifle of you.

Und. I am flint.

April. Well; but even flint, when properly hit, will send forth warm, vivid sparks.

Und. I must leave you. Time presses.

April. So do his wants.

Und. A nobleman is waiting for me.

April. A bailiff is waiting for him.

Und. If you proceed, expect some personal insult.

April. Throw your purse at me. Come—

(Takes hold of his coat.)

Und. I shall burst with rage.

April. They will famish with hunger.

Und. Unhand me, I say. *(strikes* April *from him.)*

April. What, a blow! *(with subdued irritation.)*

Und. Yes; take him that.

April. No, no, that you meant for myself, and I'll take it, so you will give something better to poor Greville.

Und. I will not.

April. *(shaking him.)* You scoundrel! And do you suppose, that because I would submit to a blow to endeavour to save a friend from ruin, that I want the spirit of a man to resent an indignity. Ask my pardon.

Und. Pardon!

April. Aye.

Und. I do—help! help!

April. On your knees, or your last hour is come.

Und. Well, I do—I do.

Secrets Worth Knowing, A. 4. Sc. 2.

RETALIATION.

MAJOR CYPRUS AND COL. DOWNRIGHT.

Maj. Cyp. Divorces happen now every day—and the favoured lover is the moſt admired and envy'd of mortals, while the poor huſband becomes an object of general pity.

Col. Down. Ay, the huſband?

Maj. Cyp. Yes, the huſband.

Col. Down. Ay, and *you* are the huſband now.

Maj. Cyp. Pſhaw! the forſaken huſband.

Col. Down. You pity him?

Maj. Cyp. Certainly.

Col. Down. And if he is a tender-hearted man, I ſuppoſe he pities you.

Maj. Cyp. Ha, ha, ha—Let me deſcribe a ſcene to you, where poor Sir George's ſituation muſt affect the moſt obdurate heart. Lady Harriet Euſton (now Lady Harriet Cyprus) was, when I firſt became acquainted with her, a very loving wife: (we are friends, Colonel, and I will venture to recount a few anecdotes to you) a very loving wife indeed; and, but for my inſinuations—artful inſinuations I may call them—had continued her conjugal regard—ſhe had been to this hour an example to wives, if I had not tempted her to ſtray.

Col. Down. Ay, you!—or ſomebody elſe.

Maj. Cyp. (Diſturbed.) Hear me out, Colonel—ſhe was long an example to wives—ſhe was I aſſure you.

—But to deſcribe to you Sir George's pitiable ſituation, and what was chiefly the cauſe of the divorce—One evening we had prolonged the *tête à tête* rather beyond the uſual time; when, unexpectedly, Sir George and a party of beaux and belles were ruſhing up ſtairs,—"Dear Major," cried my wife—

Col. Down. Your wife?—Sir George's you mean.

Maj. Cyp. Yes, Sir George's *then*——but my wife *now.*

Col. Down. Ay, ay, and I moſt ſincerely give you joy! *(Ironically.)*

Maj. Cyp. Pſhaw, you put me out——"Dear Major," cried my wife:—or Sir George's! if you will have it ſo—"What will become of us," (for Sir George had given us ſome little proofs of his jealouſy) "what will become of us!" exclaimed the then Lady Harriet Euſton—"Put me into your thimble, into the eye of your needle, madam," ſaid I—Inſtead of which, cramm'd I was into that cloſet.

Col. Down. That cloſet!

Maj. Cyp. That very identical cloſet, which you ſee there—for Sir George never loved the houſe after, and ſo ſettled it on her Ladyſhip—Screwed up in that cloſet, I believe I remained ten minutes; when old Lady Downfall, who was of the party, called for drops, the door was opened,—and out dropt your humble ſervant.

Col. Down. Zounds, it was enough to make you wiſh yourſelf—

Maj. Cyp. Nay, it was Sir George's place to wiſh

himſelf away. Every beau in the room was round me in a moment; and, whiſpering, " Give you joy, Major"—" The happieſt man in the world"—" An Alexander"—" A conqueror every where."—Even old Sir Samſon Sinews ſhook his head, and wiſhed to be in my place.

Col. Down. Zounds I would have thruſt him into the cloſet, and kept him there for a month. But what did the huſband ſay all this time?

Maj. Cyp. That is what I was going to tell you—What did he ſay? Why, he ſaid nothing. You may depend upon it, he heard and ſaw all the half-ſtifled laughs, and was wiſe enough to know to whom they were directed—ſo poor fellow he turned pale—bit his lips—looked at her Ladyſhip—looked at me—looked at his ſword—and then cried " Heigh ho!"

Col. Down. Heigh ho!—And what the deuce did you ſay?

Maj. Cyp. What do you think, I ſaid? Egad, I *was* a little confuſed.

Col. Down. Confuſed!

Maj. Cyp. And do you know I ſaid—Faith it was an odd ſpeech, and has been laughed at ſince in a thouſand faſhionable circles—the concluſion of it has been particularly marked.—" Dear Sir George," ſaid I—He was ſtanding where you may be (here, a little more this way) and I juſt where I am at preſent—" Dear Sir George," ſaid I (half ſtifling a laugh, for by my ſoul I could not help it, though I pitied the poor devil too) " Dear Sir George," ſaid I,

"I'll tell you what—you will find *nobody* to blame in this affair—I proteſt my being in that cloſet was entirely owing to—I'll tell you what—In ſhort, to an —an *undeſcribable ſomething*"—There I made a full ſtop.

Col. Down. "An undeſcribable ſomething."

Maj. Cyp. 'Tis true upon my ſoul; thoſe were the very words.

Col. Down. Owing to an "Undeſcribable ſomething," and "I'll tell you what," that I got into this cloſet: and ſo I ſuppoſe the next day Sir George left both his wife and the cloſet, and you have ever ſince held poſſeſſion.

Maj. Cyp. After ſome other explanations, and regular proceedings, I became the happy huſband he was never formed to be.

Col. Down. But I hope you keep the key of the cloſet.

Maj. Cyp. You will have your joke, Colonel.

* * * * *

MAJOR CYPRUS, MR. A. EUSTON, COL. DOWNRIGHT, *and* SIR GEORGE EUSTON, *concealed in a Cloſet.*

Maj. Cyp. Give me leave to tell you, Mr. Euſton, and you alſo Mr. Anthony, that your preſent viſit—

Mr. Ant. We underſtand you, Sir—only aſſure us that Sir George Euſton is ſafe, and we'll leave your houſe immediately.

Maj. Cyp. I aſſure you that Sir George Euſton is ſafe!

Mr. Ant. You seem surprised—Let me then speak a word with Lady Harriet, whom the servants tell me is at home. Is she or not?

Maj. Cyp. (*To a servant without.*) Desire your Lady to come hither.—But have a care, gentlemen, how far you provoke me by your suspicions! For, by Heaven—

Mr. Ant. I have no fears but for Sir George, nor will now your utmost rage induce me to quit the house till I am assured of his safety.

Maj. Cyp. And pray, Sir, *who* in this house is to assure you of it?—

Sir Geo. (*Bursting from the closet.*) Himself!—

Maj. Cyp. Confusion!

Mr. Ant. You see, Sir, my intelligence was good.—

Sir Geo. Strange as my concealment may appear, the cause was such as I can with honour reveal.

Maj. Cyp. Then, pray Sir, with "honour reveal it."

Sir Geo. Why then, I assure you, Major—and I assure you all—upon my honour—and on the word of a gentleman—that my being here—was—entirely—owing—to—to

Maj. Cyp. (*Warmly.*)—To what?—To what, Sir?

Col. Down. "I'll tell you what"—to "an undescribable something"—to be sure!

Maj. Cyp. Damnation!

Col. Down. Did not I tell you to keep the *key* of the closet?—

I'll Tell You What, A. 1, Sc. 3. and A. 5, Sc. 3.

LAMP *with a Violin*, EPHRAIM, ROVER, &c.

Lamp. Now, if agreeable to your Ladyſhip, we'll go over your ſong.

* * * * *

Lamp begins to play. Ephraim joſtles him, and puts him out of tune.

Lamp. Why, what's that for, my dear ſir?

Eph. Friend, this is a land of freedom, and I've as much right to move my elbow, as thou haſt to move thine. *(Rover puſhes him.)* Why doſt thou ſo friend?

Rover. Friend, this is a land of freedom, and I have as much right to move my elbow, as thou haſt to move thine. *(mimicking, ſhoves Ephraim out.)*

Wild Oats, A. 4. Sc. 1.

MISS HERBERT AND WINGROVE.

Miſs Her. Take care, Mr. Wingrove—take care—there is nothing ſo tempting, I admit you, as thoſe pretty words that fall gracefully in to cloſe the proceſſion of an ambitious ſentence; but let me aſk you plainly, Sir, Whether, if your father ſhould now, even now, lay his commands upon you to relinquiſh the paſſion with which you affect to regard me, you would not inſtantly obey him, and leave me forſaken and forlorn, to transfer your obedient ardours to any new lady of his choice?

Win. 'Tis true, I feel the moſt ſincere reſpect for

my ſather; yet had he thought proper to interpoſe his influence in a caſe where nature claims a paramount authority, I had renounced a ſubmiſſion which I ſhould have held to have been unjuſtly exacted.

Miſs Her. Are you ſure of it?

Win. Quite ſure.

Miſs Her. Dear Mr. Wingrove! *(Taking his hand.)*

Win. (Kiſſing it.) My lovely, my adorable Harriet!—Sure of it! am I ſure of my exiſtence? Am I ſure of your being the moſt lovely of your own ſex—or I the happieſt of mine *(Kiſſes her hand.)* Am I ſure that we ſhall never exchange another harſh word; or another unkind look? Am I ſure——

Miſs Her. Nay, now, ſir, you are fairly caught.

Win. Hey-day! What frolic is in the wind now.

Miſs Her. If all this be true, Mr. Wingrove, tell me, Sir, what it is that conſtitutes the offence of your ſiſter? Why is ſhe driven out a diſgraced wanderer to encounter all the unknown hazards of a mercileſs world, when one of her perſecutors not only acknowledges that he ſhares in all her guilt—if guilt it be—but glories in the ſympathy he feels in her diſobedience, becauſe he conſiders it as a juſt tribute to the object of his affections, and a proof of his independence. *Fugitive*, A. 4. Sc. 3.

REVENGE.

ADELAIDE TO RICHARD.

But who ſhall judge
When our revenge is juſt?—Not the ſwoll'n boſom
Inflam'd by recent injury.—Revenge
Alone is juſt when in impartial hands;
But there are ſituations which diſarm
Even Juſtice of her ſword—No private wrong
Should cancel duties that we owe our country;
No inſult arm a ſon againſt his father.

Adelaide, A. 4. Sc. 2.

ROBBERY (FASHIONABLE.)

MRS. MORTIMER TO DELVILLE.

——— Ay, thus it ever is: the poor wretch who ſteals a purſe the law condemns to death; but the exalted robber, who purloins a wife, and cowardly aſſaſſinates a huſband's peace, pays a ſmall penalty; which, in the modiſh circle of his friends, adds to his faſhion, and eſtabliſhes his fame!

Laugh When You Can, A. 2. Sc. 2.

SARCASMS.

ROSTRUM, UNDERMINE, &c.

Und. Egerton, her hufband! Did not I order you to marry her? Did not I bid——

Rof. You bid, fir, but honour bid more.

* * * * *

Und. At the auctioneer again. Zounds! you are fo fond of it, I dare fay you would fell me.

Rof. Sir, I would knock you down with all the pleafure in life. *Secrets Worth Knowing*, A. 5. Sc. 3.

SIR GEORGE, CLARA, &c.

Sir G. ——I never laugh but at my own wit.

Clara. Do you? then you laugh very feldom, I believe.

Sir G. No—very often: for I take the joke, though nobody elfe does, ha! ha!

Rage, A. 1. Sc. 1.

DASHALL, CAUSTIC, &c.

Dafh. Riches give wit——elegance.

Cauft. Do they? I'm forry you're fo poor.

Dafh. Eh! what! oh neat enough! and what do you fay riches give, queer one?

Cauft. Generally, vulgar impertinence.

Dafh. I congratulate you on being fo rich, ha, ha!

Way to Get Married, A. 1. Sc. 1.

OLD RAPID AND VORTEX.

O. Rap. Dam'me, there's the ſon of a taylor for you!

Vor. What, a taylor?

O. Rap. Yes; and let me tell you, that one guinea honeſtly gotten by blood drawn from the finger, is ſweeter than a million obtained by blood drawn from the heart! *Cure for the Heart Ache*, A. 5. Sc. 2.

LORD SCRATCH AND ENNUI.

Ld. S. *(riſing)* Why, look'ye you impoſtor!—you —didn't you come here to pay your addreſſes to this lady? and wasn't I to bring you into parliament for your quiet ſilent diſpoſition?

Ennui. *(puſhing him out of his way.)* Hold your tongue!—out of the way, Scratch—out of the way, or I'll do you a miſchief—I will, damn me!—Zounds! —a'nt I at the top of the beau monde? and don't I ſet the faſhions? if I was to cut off my head wouldn't half the town do the ſame?—they would, damn me! —I get ſleepy again!—yaw—aw *(aſide)*

Ld. S. Here now! here's a Mandarin member!— why he'd have bred a civil war;—made ten long ſpeeches in a day!—cut your head off indeed; curſe me but I wiſh you would—you muſt be ſilent then— you couldn't talk without a head, could you?

Ennui. Yes, in Parliament—as well without a head as with one—do you think a man wants a head for a long ſpeech, damn me!—— *Dramatiſt*, A. 2. Sc. 2.

SCANDAL.

WALSINGHAM AND MISS CHATTERALL.

Miſs C. Oh! Lord, Mr. Walſingham—

Wal. Oh! Lord, Miſs Chatterall!

Miſs C. I've got ſuch a ſtory to tell you!

Wal. "A ſtory to tell?"—I dare ſay you have.

Miſs C. Do you know Miſs Bloomly?

Wal. Only by character.

Miſs C. Then you know the worſt of her, for her character's monſtrous ſhocking, that's the truth on't. But would you believe it, ſhe's crooked! How comical, an't it?

Wal. Crooked? Impoſſible.

Miſs C. Oh! but I aſſure you it's true, for her moſt intimate friend told me ſo juſt now with her own mouth.

Wal. Her friend!—a pretty ſort of a friend, by my honour! Before I'd have ſuch friends ——

Miſs C. Nay, but Mr. Walſingham, there was no harm in telling it to *me*, for ſhe knew very well it would go no further.

Wal. Did ſhe? Then I pronounce her a moſt learned lady, for ſhe knows what no other perſon in London does, man, woman, or child.

Miſs C. Well, but now don't repeat this ſtory, I beg, for nobody elſe knows it; and I only mean to tell it to Lady Clara, and a few particular friends, under a profound promiſe of ſecrecy.

Wal. There you are quite right, for whenever you wish a malicious report to circulate, you should always relate it as an inviolable secret--People of fashion hear so much scandal daily, that one's own particular lie is frequently huddled in the crowd, and perhaps totally forgotten; but tell a fine lady a scandalous anecdote under a promise of secrecy, and I'll be bound that she pops it out within five minutes after. *East Indian*, A. 3. Sc. 2.

SENSIBILITY.

TRUEPENNY AND SIR MATTHEW.

Tr. I see the ladies in the next room, I'll go and acquaint them with all that relates to Frederick's vindication, while you tell the story to Sir Matthew.

Sir M. Nay, but you needn't go—don't be in a hurry—I—

Tr. But I *am* in a hurry, and I *will* be in a hurry ——when a story is to be told to the disadvantage of a fellow creature, *calumny* is swift as lightening, what then should be the speed of a friend who has the delightful power of rescuing from unmerited imputation, a worthy character, and placing the virtues of an honest man far from the reach of scandalous detraction. *Five Thousand a Year*, A. 3. Sc. 2.

TRUDGE AND WOWSKI.

Trudge. But ſuppoſe you meet an old ſhabby friend in misfortune, that you don't wiſh to be ſeen to ſpeak to—what wou'd you do?

Wowſ. Look blind—not ſee him.

Trudge. Why wou'd you do that?

Wowſ. 'Cauſe I can't ſee good friend in diſtreſs.

Trudge. That's a good girl! and I wiſh every body could boaſt of ſo kind a motive for ſuch curſed cruel behaviour. *Inkle and Yarico,* A. 2. Sc. 1.

SADI TO KILMALLOCK. (*Who offers him money*)

Why look ye, Chriſtian—It pleaſed Mahomet, and my father, when they made me, to make me a Moor—my mother was an humble vaſſal here, coop'd up for life, like an old hen, in the caſtle; and they found me one morning, hatch'd in Bulcazin's houſe, a new bit of his live property. I was brought up from the ſhell, to the buſineſs I am put upon. It may not, haply, hit my humour to crow over the captives:—but if ever I take wing, and fly from the ground of my duty, truſt me, Chriſtian, I ſhan't be tempted to it with the ſcanty grains thrown in my way by the neceſſities of the unfortunate. Put up your money, Chriſtian. *Mountaineers,* A. 1. Sc. 1.

ZORAYDA TO VIROLET.

Sooth, I am weary now—Yet I could on—
And yet I could not—Shall I tell thee love;—
I could not leave this honeſt wench behind,
And ſleep in quiet. She is humble born;
But truſt me, Chriſtian, I do ſee no cauſe
Why I ſhould bluſh in feeling for the lowly.
The peaſant, pining on his bed of ſtraw,
Should draw as warm a tear from melting pity,
As when a monarch ſuffers. *Mountaineers*, A. 2. Sc. 2.

DUKE AND AMANTHIS.

Duke. Hear me, Madam—I have liſtened to you ſome time with patience, but now I can bear no more—the ſentiments you entertain for the Marquis are criminal, unleſs he were your huſband.

Aman. And cannot he be ſo? what prevents it?

Duke. His noble birth, and your mean one.

Aman. My poor father was a gentleman, and the Marquis lov'd him.

Duke. He now, if living, is an exile, and would diſgrace our family.

Aman. I thought not—he was unfortunate; but the Marquis ever taught me to reſpect and reverence misfortune.

Duke. The Marquis taught a doctrine of his own—

I disapprove his marriage with you; and I have ever been considered as his father.

Aman. I know it, and for a name so tender, I feel every affection and veneration—but surely if my Lord loved me, if his happiness depended on my being his wife, a father could not refuse to give his consent?

Duke. Do not flatter yourself with any hope——you were not born for each other; and therefore *conceal* from him the affection you have betrayed to me, and he, in time, will conquer his.

Aman. No—in the face of Heaven and you, I here make a vow—*(kneeling)*—I never will, never *can* conceal from him one emotion of my fluttering heart—that heart which he, and only he has taught to beat with truth, with sensibility, with honesty—with love. *Child of Nature*, A. 4. Sc. 1.

SENSIBILITY AND APATHY CONTRASTED.

MR. AND MRS. PLACID.

Mrs. P. Our old acquaintance, Captain Irwin, and Lady Eleanor, his wife (with whom we lived upon very intimate terms, to be sure, while we were in America) are returned to London; and I find you have visited them very frequently.

Pla. Not above two or three times, upon my

word; for it hurts me to ſee them in diſtreſs, and I forbear to go.

Mrs. P. There! You own they are in diſtreſs; I expected as much. Now, own to me that they have aſked you to lend them money.

Pla. I do own it—I do own it. Now, are you ſatisfied?

Mrs. P. No, for I have no doubt but you have promiſed they ſhall have it.

Pla. No, upon my word, I have not promiſed.

Mrs. P. Then promiſe me they ſhall not.

Pla. Nay, my dear, you have no idea of their diſtreſs!

Mrs. P. Yes, I have; and 'tis that which makes me ſuſpicious.

Pla. His regiment is now broken; all her jewels and little bawbles are diſpoſed of; he is in ſuch dread of his old creditors, that in the lodging they have taken, he paſſes by the name of Middleton—They have three more children, my dear, than when we left them in New England; and they have in vain ſent repeated ſupplications, both to his uncle, and her father, for the ſmalleſt bounty.

Mrs. P. And is not Lord Norland, her father, a remarkable wiſe man? and a good man? And ought you to do for them, what he has refuſed?

Pla. They have offended him, but they never have offended me.

Mrs. P. I think, 'tis an offence to aſk a friend for money, when there is no certainty of returning it.

Pla. By no means: for if there *were* a certainty, even an enemy might lend.

Every One has His Fault, A. 1. Sc. 1.

LORD NORLAND AND HARMONY.

Ld. Nor. I tell you, Mr. Harmony, that if an indifferent perſon, one on whom I had never beſtowed a favour in my life, were to offend me, it is in my nature never to forgive. Can I then forgive my own daughter, my only child, on whom I heaped continually marks of the moſt affectionate fondneſs? Shall ſhe dare to offend me in the tendereſt point, and you dare to ſuppoſe I will pardon her?

Har. Your child, conſider.

Ld. Nor. The weakeſt argument you can uſe. As my child, was ſhe not moſt bound to obey me? As my child, ought ſhe not to have ſacrificed her own happineſs to mine? inſtead of which, mine has been yielded up for a whim, a fancy, a fancy to marry a beggar; and as ſuch is her choice, let her beg with him.

* * * *

Har. Now then, my Lord, let us paſs from thoſe who have forfeited your love, to thoſe who poſſeſs it.—I heard ſome time ago, but I never preſumed to mention it to you, that you had adopted a young man as your ſon?

Ld Nor. "A young man!" Pſhaw!—No! a boy—a mere child, who fell in my way by accident.

Har. A chance child! Ho! ho! I underſtand you.

Ld Nor. Do not jeſt with me, Sir. Do I look—

Har. Yes, you look as if you would be aſhamed to own it, if you had one.

Ld Nor. But this boy I am not aſhamed of:—he is a favourite,—rather a favourite.—I did not like him ſo well at firſt;—but cuſtom—and having a poor creature entirely at one's mercy, one begins to love it merely from the idea of—What would be its fate if one did not?

Har. Is he an orphan, then?

Ld Nor. No.

Har. You have a friendſhip for his parents?

Ld Nor. I never ſaw the father: his mother I had a friendſhip for once. [*Sighing.*

Har. Ay, while the huſband was away?

Ld Nor. I tell you, no. [*violently*]—But aſk no more queſtions. Who his parents are, is a ſecret, which neither he, nor any one (that is now living) knows, except myſelf; nor ever ſhall.

Har. Well, my Lord, ſince 'tis your pleaſure to conſider him as your child, I ſincerely wiſh you may experience more duty from him, than you have done from your daughter.

Ld Nor. Thank Heaven, his diſpoſition is not in the leaſt like her's.——No; [*very much impaſſioned*] I have the joy to ſay, that never child was ſo unlike its mother.

Har. ſtarting. How! His mother!

Ld Nor. Confusion!—what have I said?—-I am ashamed——

Har. No—be proud.

Ld Nor. Of what?

Har. That you have a lawful heir to all your riches; proud, that you have a grandson.

Ld. Nor. I would have concealed it from all the world; I wish it even unknown to myself. And let me tell you, Sir, (as not by my design, but through my inadvertency, you are become acquainted with this secret) that, if ever you breathe it to a single creature, the boy shall answer for it; for, were he known to be her's, though he were dearer to me than ever *she* was, I would turn him from my house, and cast him from my heart, as I have done her.

* * * *

Har. ——Will you satisfy my curiosity, in what manner you sought and found him out?

Ld Nor. Do you suppose I searched for him? No;—he was forced upon me. A woman followed me, about eight years ago, in the fields adjoining to my country seat, with a half-starved boy in her hand, and asked my charity for my grand-child: the impression of the word made me turn round involuntarily; and casting my eyes upon him, I was rejoiced, not to find a feature of his mother's in all his face; and I began to feel something like pity for him. In short, he caught such fast hold by one of my fingers, that I asked him carelessly "if he would

go home and live with me?" On which, he anſwered me ſo willingly "Yes," I took him at his word.

Every One has his Fault, A. 3. Sc. 1.

GOVERNOR AND GREY.

Grey. About a twelvemonth ago, during a little abſence of mine, a young man of faſhion introduced himſelf into my houſe; and, my wife being void of ſuſpicion, and the dear girl uninſtructed in the ways of this bad world——

Gov. The dog betrayed her!—And is this your care?

* * * *

Od! I am ſtrangely tempted to have you ſtrangled this moment, as a juſt reward for your negligence; and ſo bury the ſecret with you.

Grey. It is as effectually buried already, Sir——I love the dear unhappy girl too well, ever to tell her Heaven gave to her ſuch a father.

Gov. Yes, yes; you are better ſuited to the——I hope ſhe pays for this ſeverely!——You make her ſtand in a white ſheet, to be pointed at by the whole village every Sunday, to be ſure?

Grey. Alas, Sir! She put it out of my power even to forgive her——

Gov. Forgive her! forgive her, truly!

Grey. By flying immediately from her only friend, —Infirm and poor, I ſtruggled with the joint-evils till now; when, having collected enough to ſupport

me, I walked up in ſearch of her;—it was only yeſterday I diſcovered her in a ſplendid coach, which I traced to her houſe.

Gov. A *houſe*? I ſhall run mad entirely—A *coach*?

* * * * *

By Heaven, I abjure the audacious little wretch for ever! and will ſooner return to India and bury my gold with thoſe from whom it was taken, than beſtow a ſingle ſhilling on her, when ſhe loſes her *coach* and her *houſe*!

Grey. (contemptuouſly) And I will ſooner want a ſhilling, than ſuffer her to waſte her youth in a ſtate which will render her age an inſupportable burthen! —Fear not, ſir, ever ſeeing *her* or *me* again; for the boſom which reared, will joyfully receive her, nor farther embitter her remaining days with the knowledge ſhe was born the equal of her undoer; and deprived herſelf of all thoſe bleſſings Heaven only *bid*, never *denied* her. *Chapter of Accidents*, A. 3. Sc. 2.

SEVERITY. (PARENTAL)

CONSTANTIA TO FRACTIOSO.

Dear papa, you do not, indeed you do not purſue the right method to ſecure my duty, or your own peace. Would parents treat their children as friends, inſtead of keeping them at a ſevere diſtance, the ſocial communication of each other's ſentiments,

would enable one party to give better advice, and induce the other more readily to accept it.

Myſteries of the Caſtle, A. 1. Sc. 2.

SIMPLICITY.

MARQUIS AND AMANTHIS.

Aman. It was only about a week ago, as I was ſitting by the little bower near to the garden wall, ſuddenly I heard an unknown voice call me by my name —it ſeemed to come from the air—I looked up, and beheld a young man upon the wall.—The moment I recovered from the fright, I aſked him what he wanted—he ſaid he came "to look at me"—but that appeared ſo ſtrange, I could not think it true—and then he gazed on me ſo wildly, I ran away and hid myſelf,—on which he drew a letter from his pocket, and threw it after me—I would not take it up till he was gone—then I caught it, and flew to my apartments, pleaſed beyond expreſſion.

Marq. Wherefore?

Aman. That I had eſcaped him.

Marq. *(aſide)* Who could it be! Ah! I have a ſuſpicion—Where is the letter?

Aman. Here—I do not underſtand it—perhaps you may. [*Gives the letter.*

Marq. *(Reading)* "Know, beautiful Amanthis, "there is no retreat, however hidden, into which love

"cannot penetrate—The hope of beholding you has "made me brave all dangers.—If you will but kindly "pity a paſſion, pure as it is ardent, it ſhall ſoon in- "ſpire me with the means to releaſe you from the "tyranny of that barbarian, who keeps you ſeclud- "ed from every joy that's waiting to attend you in a "gay world. Conceal this adventure from the jea- "lous tyrant, and reflect, that the moſt tender lover "waits impatiently for the happy moment to prove "himſelf your deliverer." *(returning the letter)* And what do you think of this letter?

Aman. That the poor man is mad—and yet it is a kind of madneſs I never heard of before. *(reading part of the letter)* "There is no retreat into which "love cannot penetrate."—What does he mean by love? he has left out a word—there is—*love of virtue —love of duty*—but love all alone by itſelf, means nothing at all.—Then again, *(reading)* "Conceal "this adventure from the jealous tyrant."—What does he mean by tyrant?

Marq. He means me.

Aman. You? I never ſhould have ſuppoſed it—perhaps you know alſo what he means by a "lover." He ſays, "the moſt tender lover."—Read, and tell me what he means by a tender lover. Ah! you laugh—you are puzzled—you don't know yourſelf what a "lover" is.

Marq. Indeed I cannot undertake to be his interpreter. But tell me, Amanthis, if by chance you

ſhould ſee this young man again, do you think you ſhould know him?

Aman. Yes, I am *ſure* I ſhould.

Marq. His perſon then made an impreſſion on your mind?—I ſuppoſe it was agreeable?

Aman. Very agreeable indeed—and yet there appeared a—a—kind of *(deſcribing paſſionate ardour)* a wildneſs in his looks that frightened me.

Marq. But ſuppoſe that wildneſs was removed, how would you like him then?

Aman. Oh, very much! *extremely!*

Child of Nature, A. 2. Sc. 1.

SHARPSET AND GANGICA.

Sharp. ——Pray, my dear, have you left your heart in India?

Gang. No—my heart in de right place. *(pointing to it)*

Sharp. I'll anſwer for that—'Tis in the right place I am ſure. But you have not reſolved never to love any body?

Gang. No—I love great many.

Sharp. The deuce you do!

Gang. Yes; my young lady I love dearly, dearly. And I love every body dat love her.

Sharp. Oh, is that all? But all your love ſeems to belong to your lady. Can't you love a little on your own account?

Gang. What you ſay?

Sharp. Why, you have not made a vow to die a maid?

Gang. I never make vows—it is wicked.

Sharp. Very well—why then, if I were to be very fond of you—

Gang. Yes.

Sharp. Would you be fond of me?

Gang. I not know.

Sharp. Why not?

Gang. Becauſe, tho' your face white and pretty, I not know if your mind ſo.

Sharp. Why, that's true, my love—But you may take my word for it.

Gang. No, no—not take man's word when he praiſe himſelf.

Sharp. Well, how are you to know?

Gang. Why, in great, long time—if I find you do all good—not one bit of bad.

Votary of Wealth, A. 2. Sc. 1.

SINCERITY.

WILFORD AND RAWBOLD.

Wilf. Ah, Barbara, good wench! how fares it with you?

Raw. Look on her well—then conſult your own conſcience. 'Tis difficult, haply, for a ſecretary to find one. You are a villain.

Wilf. You lie.—Hold, I crave pardon. You are her father. She is innocent, and you are unhappy:

I respect virtue and misfortune too much to shock the one or insult the other.

Raw. Sdeath! why meet my daughter in the forest?

Wilf. Because I love her.

Raw. And would ruin her.

Wilf. That's a strange way of shewing one's love, methinks. I have a simple notion, Gilbert, that the thought of having taken a base advantage of a poor girl's affection might go nigh to break a man's sleep, and give him unquiet dreams: now, I love my night's rest, and shall do nothing to disturb it.

Raw. Would'st not poison her mind?

Wilf. 'Tis not my method, friend, of dosing a patient. Look ye, Gilbert; Her mind is a fair flower, stuck in the rude soil, here, of surrounding ignorance, and smiling in the chill of poverty:—I would fain cheer it with the little sun-shine I possess of comfort and information. My parents were poor like her's; Should occasion serve, I might, haply, were all parties agreed, make her my wife. To offer aught else would affect her, you, and myself; and I have no talent at making three people uneasy at the same time. *Iron Chest*, A. 1. Sc. 1.

JOANNA *in men's cloaths, and* CHEVERIL *at a distance.*

Joan. Whither shall I run?—Where shall I hide? How fly the pursuits of wicked men, and wo-

men ſtill more depraved? I have neither houſe, home, nor friend on earth; and the fortitude that can patiently endure is my only reſource. What then?—Have I not eſcaped the dens of vice?—Oh happineſs!—I have!—And rather than venture in them again, welcome hunger, welcome cold, welcome the bare ground, the biting air, and the ſociety of brute beaſts.

Chev. *(Advancing)* What can that youth want? Why is he watching here? *(walks round Joanna.)*

Joan. As I live the young gentleman I ſaw this morning! What reaſon can he have for being in this place?

Chev. He eyes me with curioſity.

Joan. His intentions ſeemed good, for he firſt warned me againſt that wicked woman.

Chev. Who can ſay, he may know her? He is a ſmart, handſome, dapper fellow: I don't like him.

Joan. I am not now confined by walls and bolts;—there can be no danger.—I'll ſpeak.——Pray ſir—

Chev. *(Abruptly)* Well, ſir?

Joan. Have you ſeen a young perſon—?

Chev. *(Eagerly)* A lady—

Joan. Yes.

Chev. *(Rapidly)* With blue eyes, auburn hair, aquiline noſe, ivory teeth, carnation lips, raviſhing mouth, enchanting neck, a form divine, and an angel face?

Joan. Have you ſeen her?

Chev. Are you acquainted with that lady?

Joan. I am acquainted with a lady, but not an angel.

Chev. Ah! then it is not her. *(jealous)* Perhaps you are her—her lover?

Joan. Humph—I—I love her.

Chev. You do! *(aside.)* I'll be the death of him!—And ſhe loves you?

Joan. Why—Yes.

Chev. *(aside)* I'll put an end to him!—Are you married?

Joan. No.

Chev. You—you mean to marry her?

Joan. No.

Chev. Is ſhe then loſt to virtue?

Joan. Who dare ſuppoſe it?

Chev. Ay! who dare? I'll cut the villain's throat that dares!

Joan. She has endured inſult, conſtraint, and violence; but not guilt.

Chev. Guilt? No; not wilful guilt: impoſſible! But then—Is ſhe ſafe? Is ſhe ſafe?

Joan. Diſowned by her family, expoſed to the ſnares of vice, houſeleſs, hopeleſs, not daring to approach the wicked haunts of men, ſhe wanders forlorn and deſolate, willing to ſuffer, diſdaining to complain.

Chev. Tell me where! I will reſcue, defend, protect, cheriſh, love, adore, die for her!

Joan. Is your heart pure? Have you no ſelfiſh diſhoneſt purpoſes?

Chev. How came you to imagine, ſir, that any man durſt couple her and diſhoneſty, even in a thought?

Joan. Meet me here to-morrow at ten.

Chev. You!

Joan. You ſhall ſee her.

Chev. See her! Shall I?

Joan. You ſhall.

Chev. My dear friend! (*catches her in his arms*) I'll make your fortune!—At nine?

Joan. Ten.

Chev. Could not I ſee her to-night?

Joan. To-morrow Joanna will meet you.

Chev. Joanna? Is that her dear name?

Joanna. It is.

Chev. Delightful ſound! The ſweet Joanna! The divine Joanna! My heart's beſt blood is not ſo precious as Joanna! *Deſerted Daughter*, A. 5. Sc. 3.

SINGULARITY.

NOMINAL AND CLAIRVILLE.

Nom. I like abuſe, and I'll tell you why—It brings one into notice; and if ſomebody does'nt cut me up, I mean to do it myſelf.

Clair. How! abuſe yourſelf!

Nom. Certainly—for, if I don't let people know what a ſingular, abſurd, uſeleſs ſort of fellow I am,

how will they find it out? Silence finks you into obfcurity, my boy; and for my part, I'd rather be laughed at for ftanding in the pillory, than not noticed at all.

Clair. Well; this is the ftrangeft fyftem! What, you want to get a name, I fuppofe?

Nom. I do; and Heaven be praifed, 'tis eafier now to be obtained than in days of yore. Then conqueft, patriotifm and virtue were the only paths to fame; but now-a-days, eccentricity, impudence and diffipation fettle the bufinefs. *Notoriety*, A. 1. Sc. 2.

SOPHISTRY.

MONROSE. *(Solus.)*

Why ay! Succefs, fortune, and Aurelia fhall be mine! As for fame, give me but wealth, and that will come unafked. And yet my curfed querulous confcience takes part with my fifter, and upbraids me for being an impoftor. Abfurd! Who are not impoftors? Is any man the thing he feems? And, if feign we muft, is it not better to feign fomething that the world refpects, than fomething that it defpifes? The fon of a curate, I have dafhed into life, met variety of adventures, vifited the Continent, and affumed the airs of a foreign Count. I have certainly difgraced myfelf; but the world does not think fo. Who would fhew his naked face when a mafk is fo pleafant, fo profitable, and fo eafily put on? My

father gave me education, Nature gave me desires, and I have given myself a title. Why not? If I am not a lord, it seems I ought to have been. I find no difficulty in being as extravagant as a lord, as proud as a lord, as idle as a lord, and as impudent as a lord. I could game like a lord, be duped like a lord, run in debt like a lord, and never pay, as naturally as if I had been born a lord. Let lords look to it, then, and reform. Let them be as superior to the poor in virtue, as they are in power, and I will blush for being an impostor.

Knave or Not? A. 2. Sc. 20.

SOCIETY. (PRESENT STATE OF)

SIR GEORGE, LADY FRANCES TOUCHWOOD, MRS. RACKET, AND MISS OGLE.

Lady F. Adieu! my love!—We shall meet again at dinner. *(Going.)*

Sir Geo. Sure, I am in a dream! Fanny!

Lady F. (returning) Sir George?

Sir Geo. Will you go without me?

Mrs. R. Will you go without me!—ha! ha! ha! what a pathetic address! Why, sure you would not always be seen side by side, like two beans upon a stalk. Are you afraid to trust Lady Frances with me, sir?

Sir Geo. Heaven and eart! with whom can a man trust his wife, in the present state of society? For-

merly there were diſtinctions of character amongſt ye: every claſs of females had its particular deſcription; Grandmothers were pious, Aunts, diſcreet, Old Maids, cenſorious! but now, aunts, grandmothers, girls, and maiden gentlewomen, are all the ſame creature;—a wrinkle more or leſs is the ſole difference between ye.

Mrs. R. That Maiden Gentlewomen have loſt their cenſoriouſneſs, is ſurely not in your catalogue of grievances.

Sir Geo. Indeed it is—and ranked amongſt the moſt ſerious grievances—Things went well, Madam, when the tongues of three or four old Virgins kept all the Wives and Daughters of a pariſh in awe. They were the dragons that guarded the Heſperian fruit; and I wonder they have not been oblig'd, by act of parliament, to reſume their function.

Mrs. R. Ha! ha! ha! and penſion'd, I ſuppoſe, for making ſtrict enquiries into the lives and converſations of their neighbours.

Sir Geo. With all my heart, and impowered to oblige every woman to conform her conduct to her real ſituation. You, for inſtance, are a Widow; your air ſhould be ſedate, your dreſs grave, your deportment matronly; and in all things, an example to the young women growing up about you!—inſtead of which, you are dreſs'd for conqueſt, think of nothing but enſnaring hearts; are a Coquette, a Wit, and a Fine Lady.

Mrs. R. Bear witneſs to what he ſays! A Coquette! a Wit! and a fine Lady! Who would have expected an eulogy from ſuch an ill-natur'd mortal!—Valour to a Soldier, Wiſdom to a Judge, or Glory to a Prince, is not more than ſuch a character to a Woman.

Miſs Og. Sir George, I ſee, languiſhes for the ſociety of a century and a half ago; when a grave 'Squire, and a ſtill graver Dame, ſurrounded by a ſober family, form'd a ſtiff groupe in a mouldy old houſe in the corner of a Park.

Mrs. Rack. Delightful ſerenity! Undiſturb'd by any noiſe but the cawing of rooks, and the quarterly rumbling of an old family-coach on a ſtate-viſit; with the happy intervention of a friendly call from the Pariſh Apothecary, or the Curate's Wife.

Sir Geo. And what is the ſociety of which you boaſt?—a meer chaos, in which all diſtinction of rank is loſt in a ridiculous affectation of eaſe, and every different order of beings huddled together, as they were before the creation. In the ſame *ſelect party*, you will often find the wife of a Biſhop and a Sharper, of an Earl and a Fidler. In ſhort, 'tis one univerſal maſquerade, all diſguiſed in the ſame habits and manners.

Belle's Stratagem, A. 2. Sc. 1.

SPLEEN.

LADY CLARA AND MRS. ORMOND.

Lady C. My dear Mrs. Ormond, I've juſt hurried hither for one inſtant!—Why, they tell me you've been indiſpoſed. You look charmingly, however: but you cruel creature, why did not you let me know you were ill?

Mrs. O. Knowing your exquiſite ſenſibility, Lady Clara, ſurely it had been barbarous in me to torture your nerves by a recital of my ſufferings.

Lady C. Oh! fye, fye! when the delicate attentions of friendſhip can alleviate——I proteſt, Mrs. Ormond, you've got a mighty pretty h uſe here.

Mrs. O. Tolerable. Mr. Rivers inſiſted upon my removing hither immediately, and therefore things are not quite——

Lady C. Mr. Rivers! Dear, that puts me in mind —I want to talk to you about him. Do you know, he put the drolleſt trick upon me this morning.—

Mrs. O. (*archly.*) So he did upon me; but you were too cunning for him: I, poor innocent, was completely the dupe of his feigned diſtreſſes; but upon you, he tells me, they made not the ſlighteſt impreſſions.

Lady C. Ha, ha, ha! no more they did—Ha, ha, ha!—(*aſide*) Spiteful thing, how I hate her!—But, my dear Mrs. Ormond, you—you relieved him then——

Mrs. O. Oh! the relief in *my* power to afford him, was very moderate; and in truth our exchange of presents bore no proportion to one another. I had nothing to bestow on him but a very trifle and a dish of tea, and he repaid me with notes of not less than a thousand pounds.

Lady C. Mercy on me! thousand pounds for a dish of tea? How unlucky it was that I had just sent away the chocolate! *East Indian,* A. 4. Sc. 1.

STUDY.

FITZHARDING *(Solus.)*

A book to me's a sovereign Narcotick;
A lump of opium; every line a dose.
Edward is all deep reading, and black letter;
He shews it in his very chin. He speaks
Mere Dictionary; and he pores on pages
That give plain men the head-ache. "Scarce and curious,"
Are baits his learning nibbles at. His brain
Is cramm'd with mouldy volumes, crampt and useless,
Like a librarian's lumber-room.

Iron Chest, A. 2. Sc. 2.

SUICIDE (PREVENTED.)

FAULKNER AND JULIA.

Faulk. In this world we can cherifh no hope of happinefs.

Jul. But in the next, my father——

Faulk. True, girl, then the fooner we are there the better.

Julia. Sir?

Faulk. 'Tis in our power, Julia, to expedite our happinefs.

Julia. What means my father?

Faulk. Now, heart-ftrings hold awhile! collect the exalted refolution of thy foul, and mark. Out of the wreck of fortune, I have preferved fomething, my child, to free us from poverty, from difhonour, and to give us everlafting peace.

Julia. Bleft tidings!

Faulk. Behold! (*taking from each pocket a piftol, and prefenting one to Julia*)

Jul. Horror!

Faulk. Ha! haft thou not by miracle efcaped difhonour? and is not thus to live, to meet perdition?

Jul. Is not thus to die, to meet perdition?

Faulk. It is too late for thought. Here—Ah, doft thou fhrink?

Jul. Suicide! my foul fickens at the thought.

Faulk. Then live, bafe girl, and fee thy father die. Live till fcorn fhall point at thee, and, mocking, cry,

"behold the violated daughter of the villain Faulkner!"

Jul. There's madneſs in the thought—give me the deathful inſtrument. *(ſeizes the piſtol.)*

Faulk. Hold! oh let me kiſs thee—*(a knocking at the door)* we're interrupted—*(knocking repeated)* go to the door *(Julia goes to the door, returns with a letter, opens it, ſhrieks, and runs into her father's arms)*

What means this frantic joy? Bank notes! a letter! ah, from Tangent—*(reads)* "While I intreat "you will do me the honor of employing theſe notes, "it gives me great pleaſure to incloſe you a letter, "which at once expoſes the villany of your agents, "and reſtores you to proſperity and happineſs"—*(looks over the letter, then falls on his knee)* Omnipotent Providence! humbled with the duſt, behold a repentant wretch! but thou art ſlow to puniſh, and thy mercies are infinite!

Way to Get Married, A. 4. Sc. 2.

SUPERSTITION.

RUTTEKIN AND ANGELINA.

Rut. Pr'ythee, mend your pace; this wood is haunted by the ghoſts of gibbetted thieves, and murdered travellers—Bleſs me! I heard a noiſe—no; it was the wind. Robin Goodfellow and his brother fairies have been often ſeen here!—Liſt! I hear a

ruſtling in the buſhes—ſome cut-throat, no doubt.

Annette. Why tremble ſo? *(Holding him.*

Rut. I tremble, thou aguiſh aſpin! *(ſhaking)* Sir, do you not hear the devil, or ſome evil ſpirit? *(To Angelina.*

Annette. Some one approaches—and ſee yonder a glimmering light ſparkles in the dark, perhaps in ſome cottage window.

Rut. Yes, and it moves this way, houſe and all.

EDWIN *appears at the upper end of the Stage, with a Lantern.*

Ang. Heaven preſerve us!

Rut. And forgive us our ſins.—O my poor conſcience! The poultry I have ſtolen are pecking at it, and the lambs baaing in my ears.

Annette. Silence, coward!

Rut. I am dumb—But who ever looked on the devil without quaking!—No, it is not the devil, but a ghoſt or hobgoblin—Nay, it is the devil too, for I ſee his great ſaucer eyes blazing with blue fire!

Ang. Peace, coward! perhaps ſome benighted traveller, like ourſelves.

Rut. It is the devil, I ſay; look at his cloven feet, great horns, and monſtrous noſtrils!—I'll to prayers——

Robin Hood, A. 3. Sc. 1.

ALBINA AND DEBORAH. *(Clock ſtrikes One.)*

Deb. There—he's coming!

Alb. Who's coming?

Deb. The Baron!—the Baron!

Alb. What Baron?

Deb. Why, in days of yore an old Norman Baron was murdered in that bed; and ever ſince, when the Caſtle clock ſtrikes one, that door is ſure to open, *(pointing to it)* and in he ſtalks in black armour.

Alb. Does he indeed?—Well! I ſhall be very glad to ſee him; and that we may have a full view of him, do ſnuff the candles.

Deb. Snuff the candles, Miſs?

Alb. Ay: let's ſee what he's made of, Deborah.

Deb. *(In her fright, ſnuffs out one of the candles)* I ſaw the picture ſhake; and that's a ſure ſign the Baron is approaching.

Alb. So it is. I'll frighten her away if I can. *(aſide)* Hark! Don't you hear the rattling of armour?

Deb. I do.

Alb. And the clanking of chains; and the ſcreech owl; and the ravens; and the cats; and the mice? And don't you hear me, Deborah?

Deb, I do. Oh, Lord! The Governeſs may come and watch you herſelf. I won't ſtay to be hack'd to pieces!

Alb. Huſh! the door opens; and there he is, as black as Belzeebub. Oh, dear! My courage fails

me! Go to him, Deborah! and while he makes mince-meat of you, I ſhall have time to run away—Pray do, Deborah.

Deb. Not I! Heaven protect you!

[*Exit frightened.*

Alb. Ha! ha! ha! What an old coward it is.

Will, A. 4. Sc. 2.

SURPRISE.

[OLD] RAP[I]D, AND YOUNG RAPID, *with his Coat torn.*

O. Rap. Fighting!—Oh, dear! where is he!

Y. Rap. Here am I, dad——

O. Rap. What has been the matter?

Y. Rap. Only a ſmall rumpus;—went to peep at the caſtle—puſhing home—the road had a bit of a circumbendibus—hate corners—ſo I jumped the hedge—cut right acroſs—you know my way—kept moving—up came a farmer—wanted to turn me back—would not do—tuſſled a bit—carried my point—came ſtraight as an arrow.

O. Rap. Fie, fie!—But read that letter.

Y. Rap. What! the Nabob coming here directly and I in this pickle—Waiter, are my clothes come home?

Wait. No, ſir.

Y. Rap. Why, the fellow gave his word—

Waiter. Yes, ſir;—but what can you expect from a taylor? [*Exit.*

Y. Rap. That's very true.

O. Rap. Impudent rafcal!

Y. Rap. What the devil fhall I do?—the moft important moment of my life—

O. Rap. 'Tis unlucky.

Y. Rap. Unlucky?—'tis perdition—annihilation—a misfortune, that——

O. Rap. I can mend.

Y. Rap. How?

O. Rap. By mending the coat.

Y. Rap. An excellent thought.—Come, help me off;—quick—quick!

O. Rap. I always have a needle in my pocket.—Now, give it me.

Y. Rap. What! fuffer my father to mend my coat? No—no;—not fo bad as that neither—As the coat muft be mended, damn it, I'll mend it.

O. Rap. Will you tho'?—Ecod, I fhould like to fee you;—here's a needle ready threaded—and a thimble;—you can't think how I fhould like to fee you;—now don't hurry, that's a dear boy. (Young Rapid *fits down, gathers his legs under him*—Old Rapid *puts his fpectacles on, and fits clofe to him, looking on.*)

Y. Rap. Now mind, dad, when—Damn the needle! *(wounds his fingers)*

O. Rap. That's becaufe you are in fuch a hurry.

Y. Rap. When the Nabob comes,—fink the taylor!——

O. Rap. I will;—but that's a long ftitch.

Y. Rap. Be fure you fink the taylor;—a great deal

depends on the firſt impreſſion;—you ſhall be reading a grave book with a melancholy air.

O. Rap. Then I wiſh I had brought down my book of bad debts;—that would have made me melancholy enough.

Enter MR. *and* MISS VORTEX, *who advance ſlowly, the* NABOB *the ſide where* YOUNG RAPID *is,* MISS VORTEX *to the other ſide.*

Y. Rap. I, ha! ha! I ſay, dad, if the Nabob was to ſee us now—ha! ha!

O. Rap. Ha! ha! true;—but mind what you're about.

Y. Rap. I'll be diſcovered in a ſituation that will ſurprize—a ſtriking ſituation, and in ſome damn'd elegant attitude—*(looks up, and ſees the* Nabob)

O. Rap. Why don't you finiſh the job?—why don't you?—*(ſees the* Nabob)—*They look round the other way, and ſee* Miſs Vortex; *they both appear aſhamed and dejected;* Young Rapid *draws his legs from under him.)*

Vor. Gentlemen—I and my daughter, Miſs Vortex, have done ourſelves the honor of waiting upon you, to——

Miſs Vor. But I beg we may not interrupt your amuſement;—'tis uncommon whimſical!

Y. Rap. *(recovering himſelf)* Yes, ma'am, very whimſical—I muſt keep moving *(laughs)* Ha! ha! You ſee dad, I've won—I've won—ha, ha!

Miſs Vort. He ſays he has won—

O. Rap. (*with amazement*) Oh! he has won, has he?

Y. Rap. Yes, you know I've won; he! he! why don't you laugh? (*aside to* Old Rapid.)

O. Rap. (*with difficulty*) Ha! he!

Y. Rap. You ſee, ma'am, the fact is—I had torn my coat; ſo ſays I to my father, I'll bet my bays againſt your opera box that I mend it; and ſo—ha! ha! (*to* Old Rapid) Laugh again.

O. Rap. I can't—indeed I can't.

Y. Rap. And ſo I—I won—upon my ſoul I was doing it very well.

O. Rap. No, you were not—you were doing it aſhamed to be ſeen.

Y. Rap. (*apart*) Huſh!—Ah, father, you don't like to loſe.

Vor. Well, gentlemen, now this very extraordinary frolic is over—

Y. Rap. Yes, ſir—it is quite over—(*aſide*) thank Heaven!

Vor. Suppoſe we adjourn to Bangalore Hall?

Y. Rap. Sir, I'll go with you directly with all the pleaſure in life.

Cure for the Heart-Ache, A. 3. Sc. 1.

SYMPATHY.

BEAUCHAMP TO ZORAYDA.

Truſt me, Zorayda, I love not thoſe, who weigh too nicely the tranſgreſſions of a *ſufferer*: to puniſh human errors is the province of Heaven; to relieve human wants is the duty of man!

Eaſt Indian, A. 2. Sc. 1.

LADY AMARANTH, AMELIA, &c.

Lady Am. Tell me thy condition, then I ſhall better know how to ſerve thee. Is thy brother thy ſole kindred?

Ame. I had a huſband, and a ſon.

Lady Am. A widow! If it recal not images thou wou'd'ſt forget, impart to me thy ſtory—'Tis rumour'd in the village, thy brother is a clergyman—tell me.

Ame. Madam, he was; but he has loſt his early patron, and is now poor and unbeneficed.

Lady Am. But thy huſband—

Ame. By this brother's advice, now twenty years ſince, I was prevailed on to liſten to the addreſſes of a young ſea-officer, (for my brother has been a chaplain in the navy) but to our ſurprize and mortification, we diſcovered by the honeſty of a ſailor, in whom he put confidence, that the Captain's deſign was only to decoy me into a ſeeming marriage, or-

dered him to procure a counterfeit clergyman; our humble friend, instead of us, put the deceit upon his master, by concealing from him that my brother was in orders; he, flattered with the hopes of procuring me an establishment, gave into the supposed imposture, and performed the ceremony.

Lady Am. Duplicity, even with a good intent, is ill.

Ame. Madam, the event has justified your censure; for my husband, not knowing himself really bound by any legal tie, abandon'd me—I follow'd him to the Indies, distracted, still seeking him—I left my infant at one of our settlements; but, after a fruitless pursuit, on my return, I found the friend to whose care I had committed my child, was compell'd to retire from the ravages of war, but where I could not learn: rent with agonizing pangs, now without child or husband, I again saw England, and my brother, who, wounded with remorse, for being the cause of my misfortunes, secluded himself from the joys of social life, and invited me to partake the comforts of solitude in that humble asylum, from whence we've both just now been driven.

Lady Am. My pity can do thee no good, yet I pity thee; but as resignation to what must be, may restore peace, if my means can procure thee comfort, they are at thy pleasure. Come, let thy griefs subside; instead of thy cottage, accept thou and thy brother every convenience that my mansion can afford.

Am. Madam, I can only thank you with—*(Weeps.)*

Lady Am. My thanks are here—Come, thou ſhalt be chearful. I will introduce thee to my ſprightly couſin Harry, and his father, my humourous uncle; we have delights going forward that may amuſe thee.

Ame. Kind lady.

Lady Am. Come, ſmile—tho' a quaker, thou ſee'ſt I am merry—the ſweeteſt joy of wealth and power is to cheer another's drooping heart, and wipe from the pallid cheek, the tear of ſorrow.

Wild Oats, A. 4. Sc. 2.

BULCAZIN AND ZORAYDA.

Bul. Theſe vile Chriſtians
Vex thy poor father, ſore, Zorayda.
Would it not glad thee, wench, to ſee theſe dogs
Dragg'd through our town in chains?

Zor. No, truſt me, father:
For when the captives paſs, that dig our garden,
Pining in wretchedneſs, and ſpirit-broken,
Poor hearts! I turn my head aſide, and weep,
To ſee a ſight ſo piteous. Surely, father,
When Heaven made Man, it never was ordain'd
That he ſhould make his fellow-creatures ſlaves,
And gall them with ſuch cruelty.

Mountaineers, A. 1. Sc. 2.

FITZHARDING *solus.*

I have a kind of movement, ſtill, for Wilford,
I cannot conquer. What can be this charge
Sir Edward brings againſt him?—Should the boy
Prove guilty!—well; why ſhould I pity guilt?
Philoſophers would call me driv'ler.—Let them.
Whip a deſerter, and Philoſophy
Stands by, and ſays he merits it. That's true:—
But wherefore ſhould Philoſophy take ſnuff,
When the poor culprit writhes? A plague on Stoics!
I cannot hoop my heart about with iron,
Like an old beer-butt. I would have the veſſel
What ſome call weak:—I'd have it ooze a little.
Better compaſſion ſhould be ſet abroach,
'Till it run waſte, than let a ſyſtem-monger
Bung it with Logic; or a trencher cap
Bawl out his ethics on it, 'till his thunder
Turns all the liquor ſour. *Iron Cheſt*, A. 3. Sc. 3.

TASTE.

SIGNOR, CLARA, AND MRS. DARNLEY.

Clara. (To Mrs. Darnley.) Upon my word, muſic ſeems ſo important a ſcience, that I think you had better let your little boy have ſome leſſons—it is neceſſary for his education—isn't, Signor?

Signor. Neceſſaire!—ma foi: 'tis de only education now-a-days—never mind vat you call Latin and

Greek—put de fiddle in his little hand and let him ſcrape away! den he vill be great man—like me: and call for hot ſupper and beſt bed verever he go!

Mrs. Darnley. What! ſhall I give up making a parſon of him, Clary?

Signor. Parſon!—piſ!—vat is de parſon to de muſician?—he ride his old white horſe—preach away at four or five churches, and vat he get?—forty pounds a year—Eh bien! I and my viſe ride in vis-a-vis—ſing only ven we like, and make five thouſand a year—ah ha! voila la difference!—Parſon!—begar! de blind fidler get more money!

Mrs. Darnley. More ſhame for the country then, where foreign arrogance is ſo rewarded, and gentlemanly merit ſo inſulted. *Rage*, A. 1. Sc. 1.

TEARS.

COLONEL DOWNRIGHT TO A. EUSTON.

What? Do *you* weep?—Now that affects me more than any thing that has been ſaid or done yet.—I don't like to ſee a woman cry, but I can't bear to ſee a man—a man's tears flow from ſo deep a ſource—they always appear to have come a long journey, and therefore I notice them as ſtrangers, that have gone through fatigue and trouble on their way—While a woman's tears I conſider as mere neighbours, that call upon you when they like, and generally drop in on all occaſions.

I'll Tell You What, A. 5. Sc. 2

TENACITY.

SIR F. PLAGIARY, SNEER, MR. AND MRS. DANGLE.

Sir F. P. Sincerely then—you do like the piece?

Sneer. Wonderfully!

Sir F. P. But come now, there muſt be ſomething that you think might be mended, hey?—Mr. Dangle, has nothing ſtruck you?

Dangle. Why faith, it is but an ungracious thing for the moſt part to——

Sir F. P. With moſt authors it is juſt ſo indeed; they are in general ſtrangely tenacious!—But, for my part, I am never ſo well pleaſed as when a judicious critic points out any defect to me; for what is the purpoſe of ſhewing a work to a friend, if you don't mean to profit by his opinion?

Sneer. Very true.—Why then, tho' I ſeriouſly admire the piece upon the whole, yet there is one ſmall objection; which, if you'll give me leave, I'll mention.

Sir F. P. Sir, you can't oblige me more.

Sneer. I think it wants incident.

Sir F. P. Good God!—you ſurprize me!—wants incident!—

Sneer. Yes; I own I think the incidents are too few.

Sir F. P. Good God!—Believe me, Mr. Sneer, there is no perſon for whoſe judgment I have a more implicit deference.—But I proteſt to you, Mr. Sneer,

I am only apprehenſive that the incidents are too crowded.—My dear Dangle, how does it ſtrike you?

Dangle. Really I can't agree with my friend Sneer. —I think the plot quite ſufficient; and the four firſt acts by many degrees the beſt I ever read or ſaw in my life. If I might venture to ſuggeſt any thing, it is that the intereſt rather falls off in the fifth.—

Sir F. P. Riſes; I believe you mean, Sir.

Dangle. No; I don't upon my word.

Sir F. P. Yes, yes, you do upon my ſoul—it certainly don't fall off, I aſſure you.—No, no, it don't fall off.

Dangle. Now, Mrs. Dangle, didn't you ſay it ſtruck you in the ſame light?

Mrs. Dangle. No, indeed, I did not—I did not ſee a fault in any part of the play from the beginning to the end.

Sir F. P. Upon my ſoul the women are the beſt judges after all!

Mrs. Dangle. Or if I made any objection, I am ſure it was to nothing in the piece; but that I was afraid it was, on the whole, a little too long.

Sir F. P. Pray, Madam, do you ſpeak as to duration of time; or do you mean that the ſtory is tediouſly ſpun out?

Mrs. Dangle. O Lud! no.—I ſpeak only with reference to the uſual length of acting plays.

Sir F. P. Then I am very happy—very happy indeed,—becauſe the play is a ſhort play, a remarkabl[y] ſhort play:—I ſhould not venture to differ with

lady on a point of taſte; but, on theſe occaſions, the watch, you know, is the critic.

Mrs. Dangle. Then, I ſuppoſe, it muſt have been Mr. Dangle's drawling manner of reading it to me.

Sir F. P. O, if Mr. Dangle read it! that's quite another affair!—But I aſſure you, Mrs. Dangle, the firſt evening you can ſpare me three hours and an half, I'll undertake to read you the whole from beginning to end, with the Prologue and Epilogue, and allow time for the muſic between the acts.

Critic, A. 1. Sc. 1.

TIMES (MODERN AND ANTIENT.)

ADM. CLEVELAND TO OLD MANLY.

——Well, they may ſay what they will about the degeneracy of the times, and the falling off of our morals, and all that; but, to my thinking, we improve in every thing except in fighting, and in that—though we may equal—damn me, if we can better, the good old model of our forefathers. I remember in my younger years, there were ſome few ſcattered remnants of ſuch chaps as his lordſhip—ſome remains of your old ſchool of beaux, who had been the inſects of the former century, and which I had hoped were all extinct by this time; who, like him, were ſhewy and dangerous, fitter for manœuvring than action, and more gaudy in their tackle

than ſound in their bottom—whereas, for ought I ſee, the ſtriplings of theſe days, like this pickle Manly, have all the gaiety of their predeceſſors, with not a quarter of their foppery; and with leſs vice in their hearts, have more nature in their follies.

Fugitive, A. 5, Sc. 5.

TYRANNY DEFEATED.

MANUEL AND DIANORA.

Man. Yield, therefore, inſtant yield thee to my will;
For thy reſiſtance idle is and vain.
Dian. Tyrant! thou'rt ſnar'd. The fiend, who tempts thee, ſmiles
To ſee thee graſp at guilt beyond thy pow'r,
Far as the moon beyond the ſtretching babe,
Who thinks no barrier 'twixt his wiſh and him;
For, ſhouldſt thou dare affront with touch profane,
[*Draws a dagger.*
This potent key can ope the mortal door,
And let th' exulting ſpirit wing aloſt,
Leaving a corpſe impregnable to inſult.
Man. Be this vaunt prologue put to inſtant proof.
Dian. Come on, then; try; I brave thee to the teſt.
Man. Yes, I will try thee.
[Manuel *tears open folding-doors, and ſhew*
Carlos *at a block between two Bandit*
There! behold thy ſon.

Car. Mother, O, help me, help!
Dian. My life!—My precious!
Man. Woman, remain. Endearments are misplac'd:
Yield, ere you think to interchange careſſes.
Dian. Nay, he's my own; I bore him.
Man. Thou ſhalt win him,
Or his cold carcaſe only ſhall be thine:
Chooſe, then, decide.
Dian. O, horrible!—he dares not—
This hideous pageant, ſchem'd to ſtartle me,
Shall ſwell the ſum of unavailing efforts.
Man. 'Tis very Carlos: murderers they; this ſteel,
Of edge keen-temper'd—ſhall he try it? ſay;
Come, thy reſolves; now, inſtant, let me know them;
For may the death, I doom him, light on me,
If thy denial ſwim not in his gore!
Dian. O, baleful! blaſphemous!
Man. Will you not bend?
Dian. No, never.
Man. Let him die;
You there, ſtrike home; away with him, away!——
Dian. Hold, hold—By all that's ſacred before God and man—
Car. Don't let them hurt me:—tell me what I've done.
Man. Well, art decided?
Dian. Yet a moment's pauſe.—
My Father, and my God, O, thou of mercy,
Look down, look down, upon the wretched'ſt woman,

That ever rais'd th' imploring eyes of anguish,
And guide her in her choice—Choice! Lose my boy?
Him, Maker, who thou gav'st me with sharp throes?
No; let thy pity wash the stain away,
If I devoted fall to save my offspring.—
I yield—Exult; thy victory is signal.

Man. Be gone, prepare thee;—but no desp'rate thoughts;
He'd straight accompany—Dost understand me?

Dian. O, misery!

Man. *(aside to the bandit.)* Dispatch him speedily.

[*Exeunt banditti and* Carlos.

Dian. Oh! I can bear no longer.—See me down.
See what you've brought me to.—O, Manuel!

Man. 'Tis past; you shake me not; arise, arise.

Dian. The agony's too vast! I rise no more.

[*Falling to the earth—A Shout within.*

* * * * *

Enter the Bandit. with Carlos's *cloaths bloody.*

Bandit. Sir, the boy is dead!

Man. Fool! *(snatches the cloaths:)*

[*Exit the Banditti.*

Dian. Dead!——
O God of heav'n!—'tis Carlos—
Felon, let go—*(Tears the cloaths from* Manuel,*)*——
Look, look. they stain my hands!
His precious blood, still warm with life!—My boy's!
They've kill'd my only love——Help! Treason! Murder!

[*Drums, trumpets—Alarm—Shout of,* Ansaldo!

Man. Hark—What?—Anſaldo!—then, 'tis plain
he lives:—
I'll make thee ſure, at leaſt; hence to thy ſon!
[*As he runs to ſtab* Dianora,

Enter ANSALDO, SOLERNO, *and Soldiers.*

Anſ. Hold, monſter, hold! [*Ruſhing upon* Manuel.

Dian. My lord! My huſband! ah! [*Faints.*

Man. Still doſt thou ſkulk within that loathed fleſh?
I hop'd 't had been anatomiz'd by worms.
Fate wars againſt me; but Gradenze's blood
Can brave its malice, and defies thy point:
Boldly I ſtrike for victory or death. [*They fight.*

Anſ. Hence, to thy native hell!— [Manuel *falls.*

Man. Burſt, cleave, ye vaults—hail ruin upon all!
Sunder thee, earth, and yawn to ſwallow us!
Thy boy, thy boy—O, had I marr'd his turtle—
She has eſcap'd me:—damn'd but for a dream!—
Again—hold, hold, ye fiends!—they drag me down—
One moment—Oh!—aſſiſt me,—Mercy! help——
[*Dies.*

Anſ. Joy of my life, he's dead—Revive, revive.
Methinks, the colour comes into her lips.
My love, My Dianora, anſwer me.

Dian. Say, am I mad? or is it Lord Anſaldo?

Anſ. Thy own, thy own Anſaldo.

Dian. But, my boy!
My life! my little darling! oh! oh! oh!
[*Pointing to the cloaths.*

Anſ. Eternal Power!—

Enter GOMEZ *with* CARLOS.

Gom. Here let me crown your bliſs!
Behold, bleſt pair, that which alone was wanting.

* * * * *

Dian. How 'ſcap'd my child?
Gom. I ſav'd him; it was I.
Dian. Then, be thou bleſt, till time ſhall be no more!
Gom. I left thee, fix'd to die, or to protect
Afflicted innocence, and, in diſguiſe
Of a benighted, lonely, wanderer,
Before the alarm of danger clos'd each paſs,
Gain'd entrance. Then I play'd the needy villain,
And, ſullen, mutter'd how I long'd for miſchief:
This ſuited Manuel's purpoſe, and he hir'd me.—
Yes, it was I, who rais'd the threat'ning blade,
Which ſooner ſhould have cleft my neck in twain,
Than injur'd but the velvet down of his.
Anſ. Whoſe, then, this blood?
Gom. The ſlave's employ'd to aid me.
As to my ſtroke he held the death-doom'd Carlos,
I fell'd him to the earth, and with his gore
Diſtain'd theſe veſtments, to deceive the tyrant,
'Till thou ſhouldſt come, and wreak full vengeance on him.

Regent, A. 5. Sc. 3.

UNION.

ORASMYN AND ABDALLAH.

Abdal. ——See'ſt thou not the prudence
To bind her to compliance, e'er ſhe knows
The pow'r, the pride, the pleaſure of dominion?
Oraſ. But what can bind *the heart*, ſave its own choice?
I would have woo'd her with ſuch watchful eyes,
Such unremitting tender, prompt, affection,
As might have won her of herſelf, and crown'd
The future days of both with happineſs.
—Oh! never let ambition tie the knot,
Pure love alone can hallow! *Almeyda*, A. 2. Sc. 1.

VALOUR.

SIR PHILIP AND MISS BLANDFORD.

Miſs B. The joy your tenantry diſplay at ſeeing you again muſt be truly grateful to you.

Sir P. No, my child; for I feel I do not merit it. Alas! I can ſee no orphans cloathed with my beneficence, no anguiſh aſſuaged by my care.

Miſs B. Then I am ſure, my dear father wiſhes to ſhew his kind intentions. So I will begin by placing one under his protection. *(goes up the ſtage and leads*

down Henry. (Sir Philip, *on seeing him, starts, then becomes greatly agitated.*)

Sir P. Ah! do my eyes deceive me? No, it must be him! Such was the face his father wore!

Hen. Spake you of my father?

Sir P. His presence brings back recollections which drive me to madness! How came he here; Whom have I to curse for this?

Miss B. (*falling on his neck*) Your daughter.

Hen. Oh, Sir, tell me! on my knees I ask it! do my parents live? Bless me with my father's name, and my days shall pass in active gratitude—my nights in prayers for you. (Sir Philip *views him with severe contempt*) Do not mock my misery! Have you a heart?

Sir P. Yes; of marble. Cold and obdurate to the world—ponderous and painful to myself!—quit my sight for ever!

Miss B. Go, Henry, and save me from my father's curse.

Hen. I obey: cruel as the command is, I obey it—I shall often look at this (*touching the medal*) and think on the blissful moment when your hand placed it there.

Sir P. Ah! tear it from his breast. (Servant *advances*)

Hen. Sooner take my life! It is the first honour I have earned, and it is no mean one; for it assigns me the first rank among the sons of industry! This is my claim to the sweet rewards of honest labour.

This will give me competence, nay more, enable me to despise your tyranny!

Sir P. Rash boy, mark! Avoid me, and be secure —Repeat this intrusion, and my vengeance shall pursue thee——

Hen. I defy its power!—You are in England, Sir, where the man who bears about him an upright heart bears a charm too potent for tyranny to humble. Can your frown wither up my youthful vigour? No!—Can your malediction disturb the slumbers of a quiet conscience? No! Can your breath stifle in my heart the adoration it feels for that pitying angel? Oh, no!

Sir P. Wretch, you shall be taught the difference between us!

Hen. I feel it now! proudly feel it!—You hate the man that never wrong'd you—I could love the man that injures me—You meanly triumph o'er a worm—I make a giant tremble!

Speed the Plough, A. 3. Sc. 2.

VENGEANCE.

HASSAN *solus*.

——Yes, thou art sweet, Vengeance! Oh! how it joys me when the white man suffers! Yet weak are his pangs, compared to those I felt when torn from thy shores, O native Africa! from thy bosom, my faithful Samba!—Ah! dost thou still exist, my

wife? Has sorrow for my loss traced thy smooth brow with wrinkles?—My boy too, whom on that morning when the man-hunters seized me, I left sleeping on thy bosom, say, Lives he yet? Does he ever speak of me? Does he ask, "Mother, describe to me my father; show me how the warrior looked?"—Ha! has my bosom still room for thoughts so tender? Hence with them! Vengeance must possess it all! Oh! when I forget my wrongs, may I forget myself! When I forbear to hate these Christians, God of my fathers! mayst thou hate me!

Castle Spectre, A. 4. Sc. 1.

SIR PHILIP AND HANDY, JUNIOR.

Sir P. (*with suppressed agony*) You shall now hear how I was rewarded. Chance placed in my view a young woman of superior personal charms; my heart was captivated—Fortune she possess'd not—but mine was ample. She blessed me by consenting to our union, and my brother approved my choice.

Handy, jun. How enviable your situation.

Sir P. Oh! (*sighing deeply*) On the evening previous to my intended marriage, with a mind serene as a departing sun, whose morning beam was to light me to happiness, I sauntered to a favourite tree, where, lover like, I had marked the name of my destined bride, and with every nerve braced to the tone of ecstacy, I was wounding the bark with a

deeper impreffion of the name—when, oh, God!—

Handy, jun. Pray, proceed!

Sir P. When the loved offspring of my mother, and the woman my foul adored—the only two beings on earth who had wound themfelves round my heart, by every tie dear to the foul of man, placed themfelves before me; I heard him—even now the found is in my ears, and drives me to madnefs—I heard him breathe vows of love, which fhe anfwered with burning kiffes—He pitied his poor brother, and told her he had prepared a veffel to bear her for ever from me—They were about to depart, when the burning fever in my heart rufhed upon my brain—Picture the young tiger, when firft his favage nature roufes him to vengeance—the knife was in my gripe,—I fprung upon them—with one hand, I tore the faithlefs woman from his damned embrace, and with the other ——ftabbed my brother to the heart.

Handy, jun. (*ftarting with horror, then recovering*) What followed?

Sir P. At that dreadful moment my brother's fervant appeared, and the veffel that was to waft him to happinefs, bore away his bleeding body; a few days brought the news that he had died fuddenly in France, and all inquiry ceafed.

Speed the Plough, A. 4. Sc. 2.

VERSATILITY.

SIR F. FAINTLY TO CECILIA.

——I conftantly adapt myfelf, and in every ftreet I'm a different man—for inftance now: in the Temple I'm a lawyer; in St. James's ftreet a lounger; in St. George's church I'm a married man; in Doctor's Commons a bachelor; Guildhall gives me an appetite; the Alley makes me waddle; in the Squares I'm not worth a farthing; and in Lombard ftreet I've as many plumbs as a banker.

Speculation, A. 1. Sc. 1.

VEXATION.

SIR F. PLAGIARY, SNEER, DANGLE, &c.

Dangle. Well, Sir Fretful, I wifh you may be able to get rid as eafily of the news-paper criticifms as you do of ours.——

Sir F. P. The Newfpapers!—Sir, they are the moft villainous—licentious—abominable—infernal—Not that I ever read them—No—I make it a rule never to look into a newfpaper.

Dangle. You are quite right—for it certainly muft hurt an author of delicate feelings to fee the liberties they take.

Sir F. P. No!—quite the contrary;—their abufe is, in fact, the beft panegyric—I like it of all things.

—An author's reputation is only in danger from their ſupport.

Mr. Sneer. Why that's true—and that attack now on you the other day——

Sir F. P. ——What? where?

Dangle. Aye, you mean in a paper of Thurſday; it was completely ill-natur'd to be ſure.

Sir F. P. O, ſo much the better—Ha! ha! ha!—I wou'dn't have it otherwiſe.

Dangle. Certainly it is only to be laugh'd at; for—

Sir F. P.—You don't happen to recollect what the fellow ſaid, do you?

Sneer. Pray, Dangle—Sir Fretful ſeems a little anxious.——

Sir F. P. O lud, no!—anxious,—not I,—not the leaſt.—I—But one may as well hear you know.

Dangle. Sneer, do *you* recollect?—Make out ſomething. *(Aſide.)*

Sneer. I will. *(to* Dangle.)—Yes, yes, I remember perfectly.

Sir F. P. Well, and pray now—Not that it ſignifies—what might the gentleman ſay?

Sneer. Why, he roundly aſſerts that you have not the ſlighteſt invention, or original genius whatever; tho' you are the greateſt traducer of all other authors living.

Sir F. P. Ha! ha! ha!—very good!

Sneer. That as to *Comedy,* you have not one idea of your own, he believes, even in your common place-book—where ſtray jokes, and pilfered witti-

cifms are kept with as much method as the ledger of the *loft*-and-*ftolen-office*.

Sir F. P. Ha! ha! ha! very pleafant.

Sneer. Nay, that you are fo unlucky as not to have the fkill even to *fteal* with tafte:—But that you glean from the refufe of obfcure volumes, where more judicious plagiaries have been before you; fo that the body of your work is a compofition of dregs and fediments—like a bad tavern's worft wine.

Sir F. P. Ha! ha!

Sneer. In your more ferious efforts, he fays, your bombaft would be lefs intolerable, if the thoughts were ever fuited to the expreffion; but the homelinefs of the fentiment ftares thro' the fantaftic encumbrance of it's fine language, like a clown in one of the new uniforms!

Sir F. P. Ha! ha!

Sneer. That your occafional tropes and flowers fuit the general coarfenefs of your ftile, as tambour fprigs would a ground of linfey-wolfey; while your imitations of Shakefpeare refemble the mimicry of Falftaff's Page, and are about as near the ftandard of the original.

Sir F. P. Ha!——

Sneer. —In fhort, that even the fineft paffages you fteal are of no fervice to you; for the poverty of your own language prevents their affimilating; fo that they lie on the furface like lumps of marl on a barren moor, encumbering what it is not in their power to fertilize?

Sir F. P. (after great agitation.)——Now another perſon would be vex'd at this.

Sneer. Oh! but I wou'dn't have told you, only to divert you.

Sir F. P. I know it—I *am* diverted,—Ha! ha! ha!—not the leaſt invention!—Ha! ha! ha! very good!—very good!

Sneer. Yes—no genius! Ha! ha! ha!

Dangle. A ſevere rogue! Ha! ha! ha! But you are quite right, Sir Fretful, never to read ſuch nonſenſe.

Sir F. P. To be ſure—for if there is any thing to one's praiſe, it is a fooliſh vanity to be gratified at it, and if it is abuſe,—why one is always ſure to hear of it from one damn'd good natur'd friend or another. *Critic,* A. 1. Sc. 1.

VILLAINY.

RIVERS AND MRS. ORMOND.

Riv.————Beauchamp, you ſay, is the villain's name, who—

Mrs. Orm. It is, but guilty as he is in the preſent inſtance, juſtice compels me to ſay, that by no other act has he ever merited the name of villain.

Riv. By my ſoul, this one is quite ſufficient! The married ſeducer of an unſuſpecting girl, the ſelfiſh betrayer of a father's confidence! Oh! he's qualified

to take the degree of villain in any college of vice throughout the universe!

* * * * *

Emily, it was my misfortune to have a daughter on whom my soul doated. Her mother died while my child was yet an infant, and my child was the image of that mother, was the delight of my eye, was the comfort of my heart, was the solitary blessing of my existence; and while that one blessing was mine, I thought I possessed every other! This daughter, this very idolized daughter, sacrificed to passion *her* honour and *my* love, abandoned me for a villain, and her father became childless!

East Indian, A. 3. Sc. 1.

VILLAINY DISAPPOINTED.

DROOPLY. *(Solus)*

Well, I have found no great difficulty in scampering over the garden wall—If any of the family should find me here though, I should be strangely suspected of either an intrigue or a burglary—It was an excellent thought of Caroline's to let me know when we should next meet, by leaving a letter for me in a sly corner of the pavilion; for, there is no trusting servants—I'll e'en get my dear little packet, and over the wall again. *(going towards the Pavilion)* Ha! I hear somebody coming. *(in his hurry to get to the Pavilion, he stumbles over a garden chair.)*

Enter LEONARD, *with* JULIA *in his arms.*

Leon. Oh, you are there, Simpſon! here, take the lady in your arms. A fortunate fainting fit has prevented outcry. Place her in the carriage, while I return for an inſtant, for I have forgot to provide myſelf with the moſt material companion for long journies. Here, take one of my piſtols, and defend your prize at the hazard of your life.

[*Exit, leaving* Julia *in* Drooply's *arms.*

Dro. What the devil ſhall I do? And what prize have I got here? (*the moon burſting by degrees from a cloud*) My ſweet, pretty moon, do enlighten me a little more, that I may ſee whom I am hugging ſo lovingly. (*it grows lighter*) Thank you kindly, my dear Luna. What, the young Eaſt Indian! Oh, that villain! She revives! Don't be alarm'd, Madam.

Julia. Where am I? Who are you?

Dro. No agent of villainy; but one who will protect you.

Julia. Oh, where is that wretch; am I in his power?

Dro. No, madam, nor ever ſhall be. Ha! he is coming.

Julia. Let me fly from his ſight.

Dro. There, madam, into that Pavilion.

[*He goes with her, enters it, and brings out* Caroline's *letter in his hand.*

She is ſafe, and I have got my dear Caroline's letter —So, now, Mr. Leonard, have at you!

[Leonard *enters, and is croſſing the ſtage*; Drooply *meets him*—Drooply *has put the piſtol in his pocket*.

LEONARD. (*ſtarting*)

Drooply! What do you do here?

Dro. I am only engaged in a little affair of gallantry.

Leon. What here! Do you diſgrace my father's houſe with your gallantries?

Dro. Do you never diſgrace your father's houſe with your gallantries?

Leon. Inſolent!

Dro. No, no; I muſt do you the juſtice to own, you carry your gallantries *out* of your father's houſe.

Leon. What do you mean?

Dro. Mean! Sure you forgot Simpſon is in the ſecret.

Leon. What of Simpſon?

Dro. An't I Simpſon? You did me the honour to ſalute me ſo juſt now.

Leon. Damnation! Well, ſir, then where is your charge?

Dro. Here, you villain. (*preſents his piſtol*)

Leon. Drooply, I am in your power—command any thing—do but this inſtant reſtore me Julia, and you ſhall again glitter in gaiety, ag[illegible]n be the rich, the courted Drooply.

Dro. Yes, to be pillaged again, you conclude, by the well-laid ſchemes of the friendly Mr. Viſorly.

Leon. Ha!

Dro. Yes, I know your baſeneſs—This heart, which once felt only gratitude and friendſhip towards you, now deſpiſes and abhors you—This tongue, once laviſh in your praiſe, and prodigal of thanks, now execrates your infamy.

Leon. This is no time to prove my innocence. I am traduced, vilely ſlandered—All this I can clear up, and will; but the moments are moſt precious to me. Where is the lady? reſtore me Julia, and make your own terms.

Dro. What terms do you think wou'd bribe me to reſtore a lovely innocent to a villain's power? I am poor, I am wretchedly poor. But, would you return my fortune, would you add your own, your father's, nay, all the wealth of this rich city, it ſhould not bribe me to an act of villainy.

Leon. Be prudent, and attend to what I ſay.

Dro. I'll attend to one thing you ſaid moſt ſtrictly. You charged me to defend my prize at the hazard of my life—That I do moſt willingly.

Leon. Drooply, urge me no further—I am deſperate—Julia muſt be mine—Be wiſe, accept the offers of my friendſhip—don't riſk my vengeance.

Dro. Your vengeance! poh! what! becauſe you found me gentle, nay, humble, to the man I thought my friend and patron, do you think I want ſpirit to oppoſe a robber and a raviſher? Leonard, be aſſured it is a vaſt pleaſure to me to have a pop at you on my own account; but had I no wrongs, ſooner

than be your accomplice in the ruin of an unprotected woman, dam'me, but I would march up to you if you held a lighted match to the touch-hole of a nine-pounder. *(goes up close to him)*

Votary of Wealth, A. 4. Sc. 5.

VINDICATION.

PENRUDDOCK AND HENRY.

Henry. ——Who is the wretched heir?

Penrud. Roderick Penruddock.

Henry. What! Roderick the Recluse?

Penrud. The same.

Henry. My father knew him well—a gloomy misanthrope, shunning and shunn'd by all mankind. When such a being, after long seclusion, lost to all social charities, and harden'd into savage insensibility, comes forth into the world arm'd with power and property, he issues like a hungry lion from his den, to ravage and devour.

Penrud. Stop your invective! Know him before you damn him.

Henry. Hang him, dull rogue, I do not wish to know him; but if you do, and think him wrong'd by my discourse, convince me of the wrong, and you shall find me ready to atone.

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Blefs me! can this be fo? Am I in company with Mr. Penruddock?

Penrud. For the fecond time.—I recollect we met by accident, and had fome interefting converfation.

Henry. Then I muft throw myfelf upon your candour, and abide by any meafures you may chufe to dictate in confequence of what has pafs'd between us.

Penrud. You hardly can expect much candour in a character fuch as you painted—favage, infenfible, loft to all focial charities, a gloomy mifanthrope.

Henry. I fpoke, as men are apt to fpeak, what I believ'd upon report.—If you mean only to retort the words on me as their retailer, you ftill leave the original authority in force; but if you can refute that, you at once vindicate your own character from afperfion, and bring me to fhame for my credulity and levity.

Penrud. If I remember right, you quoted your own father as the authority, on which you refted: of him, therefore, in the firft place, I will fpeak; of myfelf in the laft.—Your father and myfelf were intimates through all that happy age, when nature wears no mafk: our boyifh fports, our college ftudies, our travelling excurfions, united us in friendfhip.—This may be tedious talk, and yet I ftudy to be brief, for my own fake as well as yours.

Henry. I'm all attention—pray proceed.

Penrud. On our return from travel, it was my fortune to engage the affections of a lady—whom at this diftant period I can't name without emotions that

unman and ſhake my fooliſh heart—therefore no more of her. Your father was our mutual confidant, paſs'd and repaſs'd between us on affairs of truſt and ſecrecy, whilſt I was buſied in providing for our marriage ſettlement: I ſtruggled againſt difficulties, that tortur'd my impatience, and at length overcame them. In that interval a villain had belied my character, poiſon'd her credulous mind, and by the diſplay of a ſuperior fortune, prevail'd upon her parents to revoke their promiſes to me, and marry her to him.—What did this wretch deſerve?

Henry. Death from your hands, and infamy from all the world!

Penrud. And yet upon his credit you arraign my character;—for that wretch is your own father—

Henry. And the lady you addreſs'd my mother—?

Penrud. Oh! yes, yes, yes!

Henry. I'm dumb with horror!

Penrud. Can you now wonder, if, when arm'd with power to extinguiſh this deſpoiler of my peace, this ſtill inveterate defamer of my character, I iſſue, as your own words deſcribe me, like a hungry lion from his den, to ravage and devour?

Wheel of Fortune, A. 2. Sc. 3. & A. 3. Sc. 3.

VIRTUE.

HARCOURT TO MISS MORTIMER.

In my eyes, my dear Sophia, virtue never looks ſo lovely as when ſhe ſtretches out her hand to the fallen! *Chapter of Accidents*, A. 2. Sc. 5.

VIRTUE. (THE TEST OF)

ADELAIDE TO RICHARD.

Look to the fields of glory, where your arm
Has turn'd the ſcale of many a bloody day,
And aſk if conqueſt came without a conflict.
Who gains a trophy from a foe unarm'd?
Nor lie in camps alone the liſts of honor.
O there are combats harder than the field's,
Where the inſidious foe betrays within;
And he whoſe coward virtue only triumphs
When not aſſail'd by trial and temptation,
Is not true honour's ſervant. *Adelaide*, A. 4. Sc. 2.

HARCOURT AND CECILIA.

Cec. I was informed, ſir, you had particular buſineſs with me?

Har. ——What I would communicate, madam, requires ſecrecy.

Cec. Bridget, go where I ordered you juſt now. * * * I complied with your requeſt, Sir, without enquiring the motive; becauſe you, I think, *can* have only one—My father, if I may truſt my heart, has made you his meſſenger to an unwilling offender.

Har. Pardon me, madam, but I refer you to this.

Cec. (Reads)

"Madam,

"Being certainly informed Mr. Woodville is on the point of marrying a lady choſen by his friends, when it is preſumed you will be diſengaged, a nobleman of rank, and eſtate above what *he* can ever poſſeſs, is thus early in laying his heart and fortune at your feet, leſt ſome more lucky rival ſhould anticipate him.——The bearer is authoriſed to diſcloſe all particulars, and offer you a ſettlement worthy your acceptance.——Deign, madam, to liſten to him on the ſubject, and you will find the unknown lover as generous and not leſs conſtant than Woodville."

Good heavens! to what an inſult have I expoſed myſelf! *(She burſts into tears, and ſinks into a chair, without minding* Harcourt; *who watches her with irreſolution.)*

Har. What can I think?—there is an air of injur'd delicacy in her, which teaches me to reproach myſelf for a well-meant deceit.——If, madam,——

Cec. I had forgot this wretch. *(Riſes.)* Return, Sir, to your vile employer; tell him, whoever he is, I

am too ſenſib'e of the inſult, tho' not intitled to reſent it—tell him, I have a heart above my ſituation, and that he has only had the barbarous ſatisfaction of adding another miſery to thoſe which almoſt overwhelmed me before.

Har. Hear me, madam, I conjure you!

Cec. Never! a word would contaminate me—— *(Struggling to go off.)*

Har. Nay, you ſhall——You do not know half the good conſequences of this letter; I am the friend, the relation of Woodville—my name Harcourt!

Cec. Is it poſſible *he* ſhould be ſo cruel, ſo unjuſt—

Har. He is neither cruel nor unjuſt, but only unfortunate.—Hear—He deſigns to marry you; this I learnt from himſelf only this morning. As a proof of my ſincerity, I will own I doubted your right to that mark of his eſteem, and made this trial in conſequence. Pleas'd to find you worthy of his rank, I feel ſhock'd at reminding you, you ought not to ſhare it. But, madam, if you truly love him, you cannot wiſh that, to be juſt to you, he ſhould be unjuſt to thoſe who have a prior right over him.—This ſhall poſitively be my laſt effort. *(Aſide.)*

Cec. A motive like your's, Sir, will excuſe any thing. How little my happineſs, honour, or intereſt, *ever* weighed againſt his, need not be repeated. Far be it from me *now* to diſgrace him; he is apprized of my invincible objections to a match which will never take place. May he form a happier, while I by a voluntary poverty expiate my offence.

Chapter of Accidents, A. 2. Sc. 3.

VIRTUE AND VICE.

CLARIBEL TO RUTHENWOLF.

Marking the ſteps of Time, Vice ſhudders at the future, and meets Adverſity with agony;—but Virtue can, calmly, gaze on Fortune, as ſhe turns her wheel;—can look forward to her ſmiles, with cheerfulneſs, or endure her frown with ſteady reſignation.

Feudal Times, A. 2. Sc. 4.

WEAKNESS REPROVED.

MENTEVOLE AND OLYMPIA.

Men. Tell me, Olympia, are not women woo'd
By conſtancy, and deep-proteſted oaths?
By living on their ſmiles, by nice attentions?
By yielding up our reaſon to their humours?
By adoration of their beauty's power?
By ſighs, and tears, by flattery, kneeling, fawning?
Tell me how many ways a manly mind
Muſt be debas'd, to win a lady's ſmile?

Olym. That which by baſeneſs only can be gain'd,
Were better undeſir'd. *Julia.* A. 1. Sc. 6.

WEALTH.

FATIMA TO IRENE.

——Wealth, when its purpoſe is perverted, makes the poſſeſſor odious. When virtuous men have gold, they purchaſe their own happineſs, by making others happy: heap treaſure on the vicious, they ſtrengthen their injuſtice with the ſweet means of Charity, and turn the poor man's bleſſing to a curſe. *Blue Beard*, A. 1. Sc. 4.

WHIM.

ROVER, OFFICER, AND AMELIA.

Officer. Come, Ma'am, Mr. Gammon ſays this chair is wanted to make up the half dozen above. *(lays hold of* Amelia's *chair, ſhe riſes terrified.)*

Rover. What, what's all this?

Officer. Why, the furniture's ſeized on execution, and a man muſt do his duty.

Rover. Then, ſcoundrel, know, that a man's firſt duty is civility and tenderneſs to a woman.

Amelia. Heavens! where's my brother? This gentleman will bring himſelf into trouble.

Officer. Maſter, d'ye ſee, I'm repreſentative for his honor the High Sheriff.

Rover. Every High Sheriff ſhou'd be a gentleman, and when he's repreſented by a raſcal, he's diſhonor'd.—Dem it, I might as well live about Covent Garden, and every night get beating the watch; for here, among groves and meadows, I'm always ſquabbling with conſtables. *(whips up a ſtick from a corner of the room, and holds it behind him.)*

Officer. Come, come, I muſt—

Rover. "As you ſay, Sir, laſt Wedneſday, ſo it was"—Sir, your moſt obedient humble ſervant—*(Bows reſpectfully.)* Pray, Sir, may I take the liberty to know, have you ever been aſtoniſhed? *(with great ceremony.)*

Officer. What?

Rover. Becauſe, Sir, I intend to aſtoniſh you; my dear fellow, give me your hand *(takes his hand, and beats him—)* Now, Sir, you are aſtoniſhed.

Officer. Yes; but ſee if I don't ſuit you with an action.

Rover. "Right, *ſuit the action to the word,* the word to the action, ſee if the gentlewoman be not affrighted"—"Michael, I'll make thee an example."

Officer. Yes, fine example, when goods are ſeized here by the law, and—

Rover. "Thou worm and maggot of the law!" "Hop me over every kennel, or you ſhall hop without my cuſtom."

Officer. I don't value your cuſtom.

Rover. You are aſtoniſhed, now I'll amaze you.

Officer. No, Sir, I won't be amaz'd—but only ſee if I don't—

Rover. Hop!

[*Exit* Officer *muttering and bullying, yet frighten'd.* Stop Ma'am, theſe ſort of gentry are monſtrous bad company for a lady—So I'll juſt ſee him to the door, and then I'll ſee him outſide the door.—Ma'am, I'm your moſt obedient humble ſervant. (*bows reſpectfully, and exit haſtily.*)

Wild Oats, A. 5. Sc. 3.

WIT.

ALDOBRAND AND ALICE.

Aldobrand. Here I am! ſo amorous—but ſo fright-en'd! My heart is like a volcano in Iceland; fire and froſt at the ſame time. If Laura ſhould not requite my paſſion—if I ſhould fail, Alice!——

Alice. Fail, Sir! there is no ſuch word in the lover's dictionary.

Aldobrand. Then I ſuppoſe mine is the old edition; for, egad! I think I ſee it in the title-page, in black letter. It frightens me ſo, that I can't *turn over a new leaf.*

Strangers At Home, A. 2. Sc. 2.

MODISH AND ZORAYDA.

Mod. You know my uncle's a blockhead; he's ſuppoſed to have the greateſt body and leaſt wit of any man in London.

Zor. That follows of courſe: I've obſerved, that in lofty houſes the upper apartments are always the worſt furniſhed. *Eaſt Indian*, A. 1. Sc. 2.

MONFORD, WHIMSEY, AND Y. WHIMSEY.

Monf. I believe, Sir, my confeſſion will explain every thing to you.—I own I did intend to elope with Miſs Charlotte this evening.

Whim. Very obliging of you, indeed—to make a confeſſion, when your ſcheme is diſcover'd—I have ſeen a highwayman do as much juſt before his execution.

Y. Whim. Then, Sir, as execution follows confeſſion—let them be tied up directly—*with Benefit of Clergy*. *Firſt Floor*, A. 2. Sc. 2.

RUTTEKIN, JOHN, &C.

John. What are you, ſirrah?

Rut. A tinker and a fool, but no knave.

John. Well diſtinguiſhed; for though all knaves are fools, all fools are not knaves. Where do you reſide, tinker?

Rut. Where I ſtand, I carry my ſhop on my back, as the ſnail carries his houſe; I'm always at home, yet am a traveller.

John. A fool, a traveller; but that is no new caſe,

many of our travellers having proved themſelves fools.

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John. Perhaps this fellow is an impoſtor, ſo open his pack. (*pointing to* Ruttekin) A good heart may lie in a deformed body; a diamond may be concealed in a dunghill, and why not gold or ſilver in this budget. (*they open the budget, and throw out a fowl, a bottle and a loaf,* Ruttekin *leaps into it.*)

Rut. Spare my property! my budget contains my ways and means!

Scar. Out of the budget, or I'll knock you down.

Rut. What, ſtrike a man in his own ſhop?

* * * * *

John. Can you find the way, Tinker?

Rut. I paſſed the hermitage coming here, and will go forward upon the beaten path: never fear a fool finding his way through the world: fools keep the high road, it is your wiſe men who go aſide and fall into the ditch.

John. You may truſt him with the delivery of a meſſage; he will be true to your word, though a liar and a tinker.

Rut. No ſlur upon tinkers; they are found in every honourable profeſſion. Your politician's a tinker, in mending the ſtate-kettle, when he patches up one hole he makes two; your poet's a tinker, he hammers out new works from other men's' old wit; the lawyer's a tinker, he deals in braſs and opens more flaws than he ſtops; and what's your phyſici-

an? why a tinker too, a brazier of old batter'd constitutions, and if he cures you of a gout, will take care to leave a rheumatism behind for a new job.

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RUTTEKIN. (*Solus*)

So, after all boasting, I have lost my way; but that is common with men of genius, and women of genius too. There is your great orator; he often leaves the plain road of truth to wander in the labyrinth of falsehood. Then your prude, perhaps, after walking years in the straight paths of virtue, trips in her gait, and stumbling, falls upon a bed of thorns. Few people pursue the tract Nature designed them—therefore we find politicians without brains, magistrates without justice, noblemen without honour, traders without honesty, philosophers without morality, and churchmen without religion.

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RUTTEKIN AND ANNETTE.

Rut. Come, out with your purse, youngster: the reward, the reward.

Annette. Reward! a sound beating is the proper reward for a coward; besides, thou art a liar for denying thy cowardice, and a rogue for demanding what you have no right to.

Rut. The very reasons why I should have my reward; you see my garments are as seedy as a gingerbread cake; out at the elbows like a poet; so since

I am a rogue and a liar, and ragged withal, give me the money lad, that I may get rid of my bad *habits.*

Robin Hood, A. 1. Sc. 1. A. 2. Sc. 2. A. 3. Sc. 1.

WIVES. (OBEDIENT)

LORD PRIORY, AND SIR WILLIAM.

Ld. P. In ancient days, when manners were ſimple and pure, did not wives wait at the table of their huſbands? and did not angels witneſs the ſubordination? I have taught Lady Priory to practiſe the ſame humble docile obedience—to pay reſpect to her huſband in every ſhape and every form—no careleſs inattention to *me*—no ſmiling politeneſs to others in preference to *me*—no putting *me* up in a corner—in all aſſemblies, ſhe conſiders her huſband as the firſt perſon.

Sir W. I am impatient to ſee her.

Ld. P. But don't expect a fine lady with high feathers, and the *et cætera* of an Eaſtern concubine; you will ſee a modeſt plain Engliſhwoman, with a cap on her head, a handkerchief on her neck, and a gown of our own manufacture.

Wives as they Were, A. 1. Sc. 1.

WORTH.

JOHN AND RICHARD.

P. John. I did not mean
To hint ſuſpicion of your well-tried courage,
But ſtill the braveſt are not ſafe from ſlander,
Whoſe poiſonous breath will blaſt the faireſt fame,
Even on the ſlighteſt ground.

P. Rich. Then let the coward
Who wears the ſemblance of a worth he has not,
Shrink at her touch—For he whoſe fame is built
On vain opinion only, and but reads
His claim to honor in the million's praiſe,
Falls with the baſeleſs pedeſtal that rais'd him—
But he whoſe pride is founded on the baſis
Of conſcious worth and ſelf approving virtue,
Deſpiſes all the empty ſneers of ſcorn,
If by the voice of inborn worth acquitted.

Adelaide, A. 2. Sc. 1.

SIDNEY AND LADY PHILIPPA.

Lady P. Don't name the upſtart in my preſence—a creature without a coat of arms to his family.

Mr. Sid. But having honour and private worth, I ſhould have given him up with reluctance, tho' he had been without a coat to his back.

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SIDNEY, DORIMOND, AND LADY PHILIPPA.

Mr. S. Twice has this gallant adventurer ſaved our only child: join with me then, Lady Philippa, in beſtowing her hand upon him, and thus ſecure the faithful ſervices of an honeſt fellow thro' life.

Lady P. Moſt chearfully.

Dori. How ſhall I ever repay—

Mr. S. Not by long ſpeeches, Dorimond—You have won her by no feats of anceſtry, but your own natural deſerts; if ſhe prove a bleſſing therefore, long may you live to wear it.

Lady P. Oh! Mr. Sidney, you have taught me at length to feel, that to contribute to the happineſs of thoſe around us, is far more honourable than all the pomp that heraldry can boaſt.

Travellers in Switzerland, A. 1. Sc. 2. & A. 3. Sc. 8.

ZEAL.

DORVILLE AND RALPH.

Ralph. Here your honour, here, here is the five hundred pounds.

Mr. Dor. From whom?

Ralph. It is your own! your honor, it's your own! what you advanc'd to put me into the farm? I was a liar this morning, I was a ſcoundrel this morning, I ſaid my crops were not good; they are your honor, they are the beſt in the county, my heart miſgave me at the time. I thought no good would come of it! here, your honour, take the money!

Mr. Dor. Why, Ralph! this is more than is due!

Ralph. Never mind what is your due, honor, never mind what is due. When I was in trouble, you never remembered what was due; you'll break my heart if you refuse the money—

Enter FRANK.

Frank. Here, here it is, your honor, you must take all from me, I am the oldest tenant you have!

Mr. Dor. My good fellows! my noble fellows! I shall burst with agony—

Ralph. To be sure, Frank is the oldest tenant, but then he has a wife and a large family.

Frank. That is the reason your honour! that is the reason! Heaven's blessing will go with me, heaven's blessing goes with every man who has a large family. —to see you thus— (*they each take a hand*)

Mr. Dor. To see me thus, is the proudest day of my life! a landlord in the hour of his distress sustained by his tenants! the suddenness of this demand has but occasioned a temporary embarrassment; my fortune is untouch'd! think not so meanly of me, of yourselves. No, no, it is not by lavish expence, or thoughtless profusion that I have won your hearts; it is by living among you, by habits of familiarity, by listening to the little stories of your pleasures and disappointments; the way to win your confidence was pure and simple, it was only to give you mine.

Secret, A. 5. Sc. 12.

SIR PHILIP AND ASHFIELD.

Sir P. ——Come hither. I believe you hold a farm of mine?

Ash. Ees, Zur, I do, at your zarvice.

Sir P. I hope a profitable one?

Ash. Zometimes it be, Zur. But thic year it be all t'other way as 'twur—but I do hope as our landlords have a tightish big lump of the good, they'll be zo kind hearted as to take a little bit of the bad.

Sir P. It is but reasonable—I conclude then you are in my debt?

Ash. Ees, Zur, I be at your zarvice.

Sir P. How much?

Ash. Zur, I do owe ye a hundred and fifty pounds —at your zarvice.

Sir P. Which you can't pay?

Ash. Not a varthing, Zur—at your zarvice.

Sir P. Well, I am willing to give you every indulgence.

Ash. Be you, Zur? that be deadly kind. Dear heart! it will make my auld Dame quite young again, and I don't think helping a poor man will do your Honour's health any harm—I don't indeed, Zur—I had a thought of speaking to your worship about it—but then, thinks I, the gentleman mayhap be one of those that do like to do a good turn, and not have a word zaid about it—zo, Zur, if you had not mentioned what I owed you, I am zure, I never should—should not, indeed, Zur.

Sir P. Nay, I will wholly acquit you of the debt, on condition——

Ash. Ees, Zur.

Sir P. On condition, I ſay, you inſtantly turn out that boy—that Henry.

Ash. Turn out Henry!—Ha, ha, ha! Excuſe my tittering, Zur; but you bees making your vun of I, zure.

Sir P. I am not apt to trifle—ſend him inſtantly from you, or take the conſequences.

Ash. Turn out Henry! I do vow I ſhou'dn't knaw how to zet about it—I ſhould not indeed, Zur.

Sir P. You hear my determination. If you diſobey, you know what will follow—I'll leave you to reflect on it. [*Exit.*

Ash. Well, Zur, I'll argufy the topic, and then you may wait on me, and I'll tell you. *(makes the motion of turning out)*—I ſhou'd be deadly awkward at it, vor zartain—however, I'll put the caſe—Well! I goes whiztling whoam—noa, drabbit it! I ſhou'dn't be able to whiztle a bit, I'm zure. Well! I goes whoam, and I zees Henry zitting by my wife, mixing up ſomeit to comfort the whold zoul, and take away the pain of her rheumatics—Very well! Then Henry places a chair vor I by the vire zide, and zays —"Varmer, the horſes be fed, the ſheep be folded, "and you have nothing to do but to zit down, "and ſmoke your pipe and be happy!" Very well! *(becomes affected)* Then I zays—"Henry, you be poor and friendleſs, "zo you muſt turn out of "my houze directly." Very well! then my wife

ſtares at I—reaches her hand towards the vire place, and throws the poker at my head. Very well! then Henry gives a kind of aguiſh ſhake, and getting up, zighs from the bottom of his heart—then holding up his head like a king, zays—" Varmer, I have too " long been a burthen to you— Heaven protect " you, as you have me—Farewel! I go." Then I zays, " If thee doez I'll be domn'd!" *(with great energy)* Hollo! you Miſter Sir Philip! you may come in———

Enter SIR PHILIP BLANDFORD.

Zur, I have argufied the topic and it wou'dn't be pratty—zo I can't.

Sir P. Can't! abſurd!

Aſh. Well, Zur, there is but another word—I won't.

Sir P. Indeed!

Aſh. No, Zur, I won't—I'd zee myzelf hang'd firſt, and you too, Zur—I wou'd indeed *(bowing)*

Sir P. You refuſe then to obey.

Aſh. I do, Zur, at your zarvice. *(bowing)*

Sir P. Then the law muſt take its courſe.

Aſh. I be zorry for that too—I be indeed, Zur; but if corn wou'dn't grow I cou'dn't help it; it wer'n't poiſon'd by the hand that zow'd it. Thic hand, Zur, be as free from guilt as your own.

Sir P. Oh! *(ſighing deeply)*

Aſh. It were never held out to clinch a hard bargain, nor will it turn a good lad out into the wide

wicked world becaufe he be poorifh a bit. I be zorry you be offended, Zur, quite—but come what wool, I'll never hit thic hand againft here, but when I be zure that zomeit at inzide will jump againft it with pleafure *(bowing)*. I do hope you'll repent of all your zins—I do indeed, Zur; and if you fhou'd, I'll come and zee you again as friendly as ever—I wool indeed, Zur.

Sir P. Your repentance will come too late! [*Exit.*

Afh. Thank ye, Zur—Good morning to you—I do hope I have made myzel agreeable—and fo I'll go whoam. *Speed the Plough*, A. 3. Sc. 3.

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AUTHORS NAMES.

From whoſe Dramatic Productions these Extracts are collected.

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